

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF ABUSY LIFE

ISABELLA E DAVIS

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ISABELLA E. DAVIS



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TO MY DEAR LITTLE GRAND-DAUGHTERS JOAN AND ELIZABETH THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

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MY DEARS, HOPING WHEN YOU GROW UP THAT YOU WOULD LOVE TO
KNOW SOMETHING OF THE LIFE OF YOUR GRANDMA, HER
WORK, HER HOME, HER TASTES AND TRAVELS,
IT IS MY INTENTION TO TAKE YOU
VERY CLOSE TO MY HEART.



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INTRODUCTION.

I was born in the year 1842 on the banks of the Delaware river in an old-fashioned farmhouse sitting high on a cliff overlooking this beautiful river, where I could watch the vessels from my bedroom windows as they passed.

The house was covered with vines of every hue and color, and being much alone, my mother having died when I was a baby, I spent the most of my childhood with my nurse, the cowboys, and the pets on the farm and driving with my dear father.

Daily we took the cows down to the river for water, and one was named Suky, my pet, who would come and lie down beside me, as I sat on a little bench, made between willow trees, and I used to make whistles from the bark and play little airs with them—"Mocking Bird" was my favorite. I spent much of my time on this seat watching the farmers load and unload their produce on my father's wharf.

And occasionally a raftsman would come down with his raft and tie for the night, and I would get him hot coffee from the house, and he would give me maple sugar in return.

Now one day my father went to Philadelphia to

buy seeds, and passing through the market he saw a little colored girl crouching behind a market stall crying. He asked her what was the matter and why she was there, and she told him she had been brought from Virginia by a sea captain who put her ashore for crying. Father brought her home with him and she lived with us for many years.

I wish here to tell you that my father was a Whig or Abolitionist in politics and many times helped colored slaves from the South to reach their freedom by what was at that time called "Underground Railroading."

Now this girl years later became my nurse and her name was Dinah; to her I owe perhaps more than I can ever tell; she it was who taught me right from wrong, to be kind to all animals, and many is the dinner we prepared for Suky when she came in from her bath.

Under the lilacs, we had a blue birds home and she taught me to feed them from the window sill, and I used to sit and watch them ferry the food across to their young. I was a very happy little girl. I loved everybody and everybody loved me, and no sorrow ever reached me that Dinah could prevent.

Now sometimes she would take me fishing; with our lunch basket we would get in our boat and go up the creek, under a canopy of beautiful trees, and overhanging the creek were huckleberry trees from which I gathered the berries, and one day I disobeyed in standing up in the boat shaking the hazel-

nuts from the limbs and fell into the water and Dinah had to get me out.

Now when we reached the spring we would get out of the boat and lean over the creek and watch the beautiful speckled trout glide in and out. There were no cars to come that way, in those days, with their rumbling noises, and so we had fish, squirrels and birds in profusion, and though I always started with my fishing tackle, Dinah always thought it was so much more fun for the fish and so much more pleasure for me, if I would watch them from the bank, instead of tearing their pretty gills with my hook and leaving them to suffer.

Father used to say I had a very sweet voice, and sometimes I used to be called down to sing for friends in the big parlor. Now my favorites were "Robin Adair," "John Anderson my Joe John" and "Old Black Joe." Now when we went back to our study Dinah always rated my voice by the people I made cry.

It so happened that on one of these evenings I met a lady who asked me to sing at her Charity Concert for the benefit of a little girl in India she was educating. I was delighted and accepted, and all at once I had visions of being what I hoped would be a second Jenny Lind, whom I had previously heard.

I had a sweet little blue and white silk dress made, low neck and short sleeves, my hair I wore in four long curls that reached my waist, a little gold chain and locket, and with my program in my hand, with my name printed on it, we started for the concert.

We arrived and Dinah gave me the finishing touches and I was called. As I stood by the chancel railing, I looked up and saw a beautiful chandelier, and then all the people. The accompanist gave me the key and I bowed. He gave it again and I bowed, but not one note could I sing; then I started and ran until I reached Dinah who took me home, undressed me and put me to bed, with this consoling thought, "Now, never mind, honey; dis is the very last time we ever go up there to amuse dem people."

Christmas Day at home; it is the day before Christmas and there is a stir in the house; the brassesare being cleaned, the greens are being hung, and an odor of good things pervades the house, and

you know that Christmas is coming.

The lights are out and we are all put to bed, and in the morning we are all dressed for this beautiful day; the table is set in the dining room for from thirty to forty persons; bright fires are burning on all the hearths.

In one corner of the kitchen a table, upon which are fruits, mince pies, doughnuts in abundance; these are to be given away to each poor person who comes to the house that day.

No presents being allowed to be given by grandfather to any person who had money, or by we children to each other, for fear that in after years we might be tempted to give that which we

could not afford, and spend money which we might later need.

Everything being ready, we begin to receive the guests, our grandma, uncles and aunts, and all our little cousins, and then the fun begins.

The old people have the parlor, and we children play "Hot pot of blue beans," "Pussy wants a corner," and "tag;" and running around through the house we would frequently reach the kitchen, and our progress would shake the corn down from the ceiling where it hung suspended from the rafters, causing screams of laughter from the little ones.

Now we would all be called in and sat down for a few minutes to "get good," and I used to think if that was what mothers were for, I was glad that I did not have any.

When the sun went down the good-byes were said, and after shaking hands with the dear friends, they went to their homes and Christmas was ended.

Bidding good-bye to all my old friends at the farm, I am sent by my father at the age of twelve years to Miss West's Academy in Burlington, N. J., where I was most fortunate in meeting Miss Mary Simonson, who proved to be a lifelong friend, who always taught me how to be truly happy; it was in never losing the opportunity to help any friend when the opportunity arose.

I graduated at this school on my sixteenth birthday, when I early married and went to Philadelphia to live. Although I had a beautiful home I was never entirely happy, as I never could accustom myself to the exceeding extravagance of the rich and the miserable homes of the poor.

It was soon now that I became interested in the Civil War, and took an active interest in what was called the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, where soldiers were received on their way South and rested and refreshed, the return cars bringing back to us the wounded, the dying and the dead.

As young as I was then, I held hands with the dying soldiers, who thought it was their mother; it was here I learned all the horrors of war, which made me ever afterwards a great advocate of settling disputes by arbitration, even though a nation might lose financially and gain in glory.

It was here that I was invited by Bishop Simpson to preside at a table at the Sanitary Fair which made one million of dollars for the benefit of the sick and wounded of this war.

It was about twenty years after this time, or a little later, that your dear grandfather purchased Banksmere at Riverton, N. J., on the banks of the same river on which I was born; this was to my great delight, where I became much interested in forestry; it was here I formed and was elected President of the New Jersey Forestry Association, which was the result of reform Forestry legislation which I was instrumental in having passed by the New Jersey Legislature. I gave much time to this work. I will leave you some copies of some addresses that grandma made at different meetings for interesting others in this work.

It was at this time that I began receiving many gifts from the experimental Government Farms here and in Canada, which was my pleasure to develop into the best specimens of their kind.

Grandfather taking objection to my experiments, purchased me two large farms, called Road-side and Holly Home, near Burlington, N. J., where all my experimental work was removed to.

From this time it was my pleasure to develop the resources of these farms, upon which there lived two German brothers, who brought their wives from Germany; they kept many cows, pigs, chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys; through the farms ran a large creek, filled with fish and edged with nut trees, walnuts, chestnuts, shellbarks and hazelnuts.

From my experiments on these farms, I became much interested in horticultural and agricultural work. About this time I made an extensive trip through England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Scotland and Ireland with both your mothers, where we were beautifully entertained by the leading Horticultural Societies of the cities and towns which we visited. About this time I also visited Bermuda and Porto Rico and California, from which points letters are also attached.

On this trip I sent letters back, giving you a full description of this trip, and some little talks I gave for different charitable purposes, which I have preserved for your instruction, thinking you would like to know a little of what your grandma was interested in.



ENGLAND.

London.

I want to write you something of what is going on this side of the ocean. After parting with our steamer, the last link broken between us and our home, we passed into the chilly atmosphere of Liverpool; after getting fixed for the night I heard the sweet voices of the great English salvation army under my window sing our sweet hymns, and you were made to feel at once that though divided by the great ocean we were yet one people.

We proceeded at once to London by way of

midland through Derbyshire to see the great oaks that had never been trimmed, large enough to live in entirely protected from the storms, with grounds underneath large enough for a garden. Much pleased with London—a great city, sewerage, lighting, drainage most complete, ambulances stationed all along at intervals in connection with the hospitals. We were most fortunate in being invited to lunch at the home of a friend near the entrance to

Hyde Park to see the drilling of the guard, after which they proceeded to the station to escort the Queen and her family in to the Palace. During the parades she sat near her daughter Beatrice; she is rather short and stout, wore a black silk dress, with a little white chiffon bonnet, and sat in a little chair upon springs which made her appear to be bowing to every one, but I am sorry to say when I saw her she was crying. So great was the rush there was a special order issued that no one should be disturbed sleeping on the streets that night. In Guy's Hospital alone they admitted 986 people injured during the illumination and parade.

The English gentlemen are fine, but the ladies are almost insane on the subject of tea drinking, the effects of which you see in their faces, and you do not find here that deep down devotion to royalty that one expects in this apparently well-governed city, which I suppose can be best explained when we are told there are thousands who go to bed each night hungry.

It is very pretty to watch from my window the different faces of the people which at this time represent almost every nation on the globe, the independent manner in which each one lives out his own life independent of the other; for instance, if a person wishes to drown himself in the Thames he will lie there until seven in the evening or six in the morning, when there will be a police boat sent out for the purpose of gathering up the bodies.

They have beautiful parks here, among which I mention particularly Chew's Gardens, at one time the home of George the Third. Such roses, often reaching as high as the third story windows, and I

much admire the grass; instead of our constant cutting, you have here nature undisturbed; and all through the grass one sees the field flowers.

And now one word about the farm life, the picturesque stone house, the larger barn, the plain cooking, delicious stewed fruits, doing without desserts, cold meats, and we can readily understand how the wife is able to mount this pretty little wagon and market the produce of their farm; no commission men here; the husband at home running the farm until they are rich enough to hire a farmer.

Fields rarely broken for vegetables, land farmed right up to the railroad tracks, and should it incline too much it is sown in seed turnip, mustard or buckwheat. Grass much richer and heavier than ours, and I have noticed no blight on any fruit trees anywhere, and yet I am told they do not spray them.

Oh, I wonder whether we exactly appreciate the advantages of our beloved country, or what individually we could make it, both for ourselves and those that shall follow after us, by watching more closely our beautiful water courses, by compelling our railroad companies to use the spark extinguisher that our car rides should pass through beautiful shade trees.

I. E. DAVIS.

FRANCE.

PARIS, JULY 12, 1897.

Beautiful Paris, so clean with its beautiful river Seine running through it, water emerald green, beautiful little steamboats one cent a ride; on the front deck you will see a little flower market, potted plants and strawberries and cut flowers for sale, which adds so much to the beauty of this river; the little boats chained to the shore, in which the poor come to wash, for water is at a premium here. Although I have drank it all the time, I have been perfectly well. The beauty of this town is largely due to its parks, fountains, statuary which are exquisite, its art exhibitions all being free, and open at all times to young artists. Near the Louvre and Tuilleries are the exhibition buildings, which are now being modernized out of some court buildings. The home life in Paris is not cheerful, too much before the public, not enough of good home cooking for the poor, too much cheap bread and wine, the effects plainly seen both in mind and body. A source of large revenue to this country is the growing of sugar-beets in all unused land, it being subsidized by the government. The American

Colony is one of the prettiest in Paris. In passing through the city, on all the most magnificent buildings you will see the letter N. for Napoleon—no wonder this people tire of such extravagance; for as we ascertained, the poor were obliged to work three days in a week on these buildings free.

The most beautiful forests here are St. Cloud and Fontainbleau; the former is used for the public, the latter a hunting ground; the trees are protected by a covering of brush on the trunk; the elms here are stately, and as you enter the forest there are rose bushes trained through wire oval tables which gives one the impression they have been placed there.

We leave here and go to Geneva and Lucerne on the lake, the back of which is the Alps and from which you can easily see the patches of snow and ice on the top of Mt. Blanc. It seems almost impossible to understand this mountain district; here in Lucerne, the picking of cherries at the base, the next in order are the vegetables, then follow the grain; the southern slopes are used for the cows, which one can always locate by their bells.

The town itself begins at the lake, the first street and each following being terraced. It is a lovely city, so peaceful and calm, and every one so happy; no idleness here, everybody works, rich and poor; by seven o'clock, looking out of your window, you see all the little children going to school.

The great industry here is growing the grapes, and the carving of pear wood and the making of toys. The peasant dress is very pretty, and well becomes the sweet innocent faces of these Swiss girls; the men, too, are most kind in their families.

We have served at all times a most delicious honey which is gathered on this mountain, where there are wild flowers, and being cheap, it is largely used.

The guests of our hotel were invited this morning to witness a race of mosquito boats on the lake, between the English and Americans, and music by a Hungarian band. Need I tell you the Americans won? One can hardly describe the enthusiasm which a few American flags far from home can inspire.

I. E. Davis.

GERMANY.

DRESDEN, JULY 20, 1897.

I wish every member of the New Jersey Forestry Association and those yet to be, could see the Black Forest of Germany; one fairly enters the country about Baden-Baden, on all sides rise the hills of this forest, dark and dense to their summits with pine woods, the air laden with perfume of acacias; not a bird visible throughout this wooded district. The absence of bird life is very noticeable. Never will I forget that long lonely ride, hour after hour, and still the woods never ceased. Ferns and bracken grew in a profusion of loveliest and purest green; wild flowers abounded; paths ran in all directions, one knew not whither. To stand a while and listen, within these woods, is to realize the intensity of silence; no chirping of birds, mate answering to mate—no ring of the woodman's axe—utter solitude; in one sense of the word refreshing and restoring to mind and body and spirit. Plums grow in the middle of the road, and grapes trail their leaves and fruit over the walls of the cottages up to the roofs. In many of the cottages the ground floor was turned into a stable for animals. Here and there a pretty laughing face peeped inquisitively from a latticed window, set off by a framework of pretty green leaves.

The few children in the roads, all with naked feet, ran away quickly, but would soon return and make friends when given a small coin. In the valley, on the borders of a little stream, great saw mills are at work, and it is pleasant to enter these mills and see the primitive machinery at work, and enjoy the pine scent from the sawdust thrown out.

And then an old castle appears worth inspection, half court-yard, half garden, with old-fashioned flowers, forming a pretty entrance to the gate, and the armor, polished floors, the stained glass windows, the curiosities ending with the ancient pictures of an oratory.

As usual, when a number of Germans are assembled, conversation becomes animated and voices loud. The German woman knows little of that excellent thing in their sex, a sweet voice, and the men seem to chime in with their bass.

But the honey of this forest is delicious. Soon one grows to love the pines, and to miss them where they are not. After a day or two in a Black Forest town, you long for the woods. We were shown some of the mysteries of wood carving; men and boys were turning, chiseling, and cutting out with delicate tools and wonderful neatness.

It was curious to watch a block of wood assume shape under the skilful hands, for instance, an angel's wing or an eagle with outstretched pinions. Now little farms begin to appear, and as our train passes on, a few country people pass us in their peasant costumes, and with uplifted hats, appear to wish us God-speed, in a way which would impress you that they were at peace with all mankind.

Every one who visits the Black Forest should visit Freiburg. The view from the Schwarzerald Hotel is enough to tempt any one to linger, the waterfall here being the most romantic in this forest. Below, is the town famous for its wood carving, clock makers, and one shop bearing the name, Jamy Sohne, musical chairs.

All the way to Dresden beautiful views follow each other in rapid succession; often the scenes on either side are so great, one is puzzled to know which way to look. Greedy, for fear of losing the least, one almost wishes the train would crawl onwards. You might stand on the outer edge of your car, provided the guard does not come upon you in one of his outings, and gaze down the precipice below. Miles and miles of this forest cut right through rocks.

One almost begins to wonder, "is this a reality or a dream," from which you will suddenly awaken, when all at once we arrive at a station where once was a Benedictine Monastery. It is a wonderful building of endless extent, with long dreary halls, and old-fashioned carved staircases.

In the building now is heard the sound of machinery, and one is surprised on entering to see the endless rows of spinning jennies, the great number of men and women; instead of the Black Forest, one would think they were in Manchester, so at variance with this old monastic building is the rattling, roaring ironwork.

Again we take our cars with weeping skies, and with a suspicion that we are leaving our beautiful forest behind us, we hear our conductor call out Dresden.

I. E. DAVIS.

P. S.—I have been invited to visit the Hamburg Exhibition in Holland International, as a delegate of the State Board of Agriculture and Horticulture of New Jersey; have accepted, and thee will hear from me at that point.

I. E. DAVIS, Pres. Forestry Asso. of New Jersey.

HOLLAND.

AMSTERDAM, Aug. 9, 1897.

We arrived at Hamburg on the night of the third, where we were kindly received by Mr. Louis Ritz, of the Board of Agriculture, and escorted to the Exposition, which was solely devoted to Agriculture and Horticulture.

The display was similar to one of ours under similar conditions, the rare treat to me being the meeting with the people who came from the interior part of the country in their native costumes. The glittering helmeted head-dressed farmers' wives, and the sombre-attired farmer, with his red tasseled green bag of samples by his side.

Passing on, we see the spice-laden merchant from Java, with his trees in full bearing, and next the East Indians, with rice and sweet scented barks, dried in the tropical summer. We pass on, and yonder standing is a clear-cut little wind mill, crushing the rye into comforting Schnapps of commerce.

And so next we come to fair Italy's display of grapes, that I wish each and every agriculturist of our State could see and study; it is the effects of soil on what we plant. The display consists of grape

vines planted in the same soil, pots and variety, the first no grapes, second rather richer leaves, until the fifth pot is reached, when by the right soil (if not to be attained naturally, then artificially), we have one vine in a pot ten inches in diameter, forty-two bunches of fruit, the largest bunch weighing two pounds. A similar display of tomatoes.

And so we come, next in line, to Germany's pride, potatoes, supposed to be plantings from four varieties of seed from the same potatoes, first planting from the paring of the potatoes used in the family, second from the sprouts already started in forcing beds (which are always the earliest), third from second size, fourth the finest to be had of its kind; singular to relate those from the parings are as fine as the best.

The display of apples here is most poor, and I wish I could say some word to open up a market for ours. Last year they were left ungathered by our farmers because they could not be marketed to profit by the owners. A boy coming home from Boston brought his mother a barrel of apples; she exhibited them at a fair, after which they were sold for the Seamen's Hospital and brought ten dollars. As the freight from New York to Hamburg is about seventy-five cents a barrel, I will leave this thought with our young agriculturist.

And now to Holland, the land I love; mile upon mile of pasture, dotted with countless numbers of Holland's pride, its beautiful oxen, black and white, black and white to the thousandth; indeed,

all animated nature is black and white, the farmer's black clothes are relieved by his whitened wooden shoes and spotless white shirt; his dog, cows, goats, chickens, his pigs, everything seems to join in this symphony.

The very name brings thoughts of kindred associations and of ancient history; if I remember rightly, it was here the union of the seven states originated, and here one can trace the beginning of many of our marked traits of to-day. One can see things here best by water, the natural element of the country; it is free, cheap and picturesque. The elm-bordered canals of her cities, where many of her streets are waterways; no sound of rattling wheels are heard, but where the gardener plies his craft, laden with celery, pale green lettuce and beautiful carrots, a sight to remember. And farther up you see the lesser boats squeezing and creeping so quietly betwixt their taller neighbors, with fragrant hay, and wood from the Black Forest.

Pretty as this scene is we will not linger here, but away to the hyacinth and tulip farm, where one sees that shrewd business sense so characteristically joined with the simple habits of this people, where owner and operator divide the result of the year's working in strictly agreed proportions. Where the workman and owner lives, each in homes erected at the expense of the Capitol, in a garden laid out and maintained at common expense, with band, concert, cafe, a very pleasure to look upon, and a solution not to be overlooked by a visitor, of one of the

most difficult questions of the coming age. No country in the world could be so unlike our own. Here in Amsterdam, in this hotel where I am now stopping, whose corridor is tiled and wainscoated with white marble and frescoed walls we might well envy, concealed behind two large black walnut doors, are six linen bags of feed for the coach horses for one day.

Day after day one may travel where appliances are used as primitive as those with which the ark was built; you are ferried across by a man to the other side by pulling on a rope on the end of one's boat; the farmer beating his grain without even a flail; and yet these people, on this barren sand floor, have no natural products, no coal or iron, no copper, stone, wood, few natural rivers, and those a continued terror to her, no water power, no natural soil! Nature seems to have created it out of the leavings of other lands, a wilderness of swamps, but man has made it a country and chained the waters, a garden of Eden, and its people are clothed and housed equal to our own. The people can and do earn an ample competence without worry, but will their rosy-cheeked children in like manner, by like frugality, earn a like result?

To us with our boundless scope, who get so worried over results, Holland offers a cheering example; but one must see them to judge. They have well filled galleries in Amsterdam, beautiful music, sweet, pretty parks, and not even the impulsive Frenchman can compare with the Hollanders.

When the work of the day is over you will see and hear them sing and dance as though the world had no past of toil or future of care, and far in the night one can hear the social laugh, not the boisterous noises of the inebriate, but pure overflowing of hearty happiness.

I. E. Davis.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, Aug. 18, 1897.

We leave by steamer Rotterdam for Edinburgh by way of the North Sea, and sitting here on the deck of this steamer, I understand now as I never did before how the London people are fed; all along this beautiful harbor are freighters from London, and squeezed in beside them are the little market boats from Holland, laden with cheese, butter, poultry, condensed milk.

We arrived in Edinburgh just in the gray of the morning and proceeded at once to our hotel, the Waverly, one of a series to be found running through Scotland and Ireland, endowed by the late Robert Cranston, which are now declaring large dividends for their originators, being determined that the weary traveler should find a resting place free from the temptation of strong drink. The maids here say they can always tell an American lady, as they first order a fire then ice-water.

I want to tell all the good friends at home, who sometimes may weary in the good work, be not discouraged; all over the land one sees in letters of gold the beautiful sign-boards of the womens' and

mens' Christian Associations. One building in Dublin alone cost one hundred thousand dollars. I visited here, Forthbridge, the place, if you remember, where the bridge with its carload of living freight went down and never after was heard from, and as I gazed upon the new one I wished the architect who modeled our bridge across the Delaware could have had my place and seen high-masted boats with sails unfurled, with swift steamers passing in and out, merely observing the common law of keeping to the right. On the top of this bridge, trains passing, no death trap but safe as a country road.

From here we drove to Roslyn by way of the Queen's Drive, and how I wish the dear friends at home, who believe in tree-planting by birds, and their care to chance, could see this road, edged with

its stately rows of elms.

I was invited by my friend, Mrs. Cranston, to accompany her on a mission of mercy, and before leaving the clothes with the poor, it is the law of the city that they shall be stamped so they cannot be exchanged for whiskey, as the Scotch highland poor are so fond of this drink, and not being properly fed, do not seem strong enough to resist the temptation. With a guide and a carriage, and woe betide the person who from motives of economy or love of walking attempts going on foot, for it is an experience which will last a lifetime; the moment one stops, they are surrounded by a crowd of women and children, who do not ask for alms, but simply demand them.

Passing through a doorway in which was hung a curtain, we came upon a small room with roughhewn walls, whitewashed and fairly clean, with smoke going out through a hole cut in the cliff over the door, no window, a dresser on which were some old cooking utensils and broken crockery; in one corner of this room was a bed on the floor, partitioned off by a rope from the little children; lying there was the poor father dead, partially covered with an old blanket; in the corner at the washtub was the mother. I said to her, "Dear woman, how much seems required of thee." She answered, "Yes, you know we cannot all be giving up at the same time." Coming out we saw a shed used for a donkey and the pigs, when they chose to come in. How they lived on this hillside, covered as it is principally by the leaves of the prickly pear, is hard to understand, and their leanness shows that their existence is a precarious one.

With all the dirt there is a marvelous look of health among these people; the men as a rule are tall and straight, women stern, and children simply swarm on every side, but are dear little sturdy beggars, strong in mind and limb, as evidenced by the way they kept pace with the carriage and giving tongue the whole time. Once in the open I drew a long breath, and thanked my star that I was not among the poor in Scotland. At best they can merely eke out a miserable existence, but at the same time are an interesting people, and unlike any poor I have seen in Europe.

And now we will pass to Ireland, the country I love, its people, its water, its trees and its grass; no wonder its children are never done talking about it. I have seen more birds here than all together since I left home. The first sight of Dublin, from one's steamer, is sure to fascinate.

The weather was bright and sun shining with a clear blue sky, and Dublin, said to be the "Eye of Ireland," is set deep in its bay, on whose sheltered waters at all times one can see a beautiful display of craft of all kinds, steam launches, fishing boats, pleasure yachts, row boats and steamers.

It is the chief seat of the manufacture of poplin, glass, linens, and no one need be told of its breweries and distilleries; in Dublin, one plant alone, the Guinness, covers fifty acres. One of the first objects that meets the eye as one lands, and touches strongly of the soil, is the Irish outside car.

Nothing indeed can be better suited for the purpose of making a rapid survey of the city than these vehicles. The proper fares are very moderate, but the carmen are notorious for their romancing, and are not above asking an extra sixpence for their superior accommodations offered. The main streets are full of animated and interesting pictures, but the visitor is apt to be less pleasantly impressed with the slums and back alleys, into which the poorer class from the provinces are crowded, and many a woeful scene of gaunt misery confronts the passer by, and extorts one's sympathy. There are many beautiful charities in Dublin.

But oh, how my heart goes out to those dear old fathers and mothers who have grown old, whose children are thousands of miles away, whose labor has been taken from them to supply untold extravagance, where, within a stone's throw, jewels are being guarded which, if they were sold and money returned to its rightful sources, would house and home them till the end.

Never have I appreciated the change called death, the sweet messenger which will at last take them to their heavenly rest. We will now away to the gap of Dunloe; it is a rugged mountain pass, and in the course one skirts the Black Lough, dear to all pious hearts, as the Lough into which St. Patrick threw the last of the Irish snakes.

A short drive from Cork and we stop at Blarney Castle, beautifully situated among trees and banks, and so world-wide famous for its kissing stone.

And now we leave Cork and bear down toward Queenstown. In all the corridors of the hotel one hears the subject of the sea sickness in all its various phases discussed; it was largely solved for me by a maid. I asked her why she wasn't sea-sick, when she promptly answered, "Because I should be discharged." My friends, upon going upon a steamer have something to do, and if not for yourself, do something for the steerage.

But oh, the sickness which is overwhelming is that which came to me in St. Giles' Cathedral, in Edinburgh, when looking up in the choir stalls I saw the Highland Greys' brass band of thirty pieces; a crash like thunder came through this church, and then the sweet melody fell upon the ear, and you could distinguish the sweet words of the hymn so familiar to us all:

"Lead Kindly Light, for I am far from home."

I. E. DAVIS.

IRELAND.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP "TEUTONIC."

SEPTEMBER 3, 1896.

TO MY DEAR IRISH FRIENDS:-

Thinking perhaps you might like to hear something from dear old Ireland from one just from the soil, I write you. I attended the National Horse Show. A bright, warm, sunny afternoon, there were on the grounds twenty thousand people, the finest looking and best dressed of any people I have seen on my tour, not excepting the "Queen's Jubilee." The light and pretty toilettes of the ladies as they sat upon the Irish cart, did much to beautify this Ladies' Day.

There were three prizes offered besides the regular premiums, "The Hunter's," "Dublin Trades," and "Breeders." The horses were great; viewed from the Grand Stand, the gathering was immense and brilliant, and when the royal visitors arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a grand uprising, and the band of the Thirteenth Hussars played the National Anthem.

The Duke and Duchess of York were in an open carriage, drawn by four superb black horses,

and were preceded by outriders; the Duke wore a white flower in his button-hole; kept his hat raised during the drive around the enclosure to the centre of the grand stand. The Duchess was charmingly gowned in a cream-colored dress, wore a bonnet and gloves to match, and bowed to the people continually.

The Lord Lieutenant and the Countess Cadogan followed, and may I add here there is a feeling of dissatisfaction among the people, that this Lord and Lady could not have been chosen from among

the Irish people.

The jumping over the walls was fine. A parade followed of tandems, coaching, trotting and harness ponies, and was viewed by the Duke and Duchess from the judge's stand, and frequently applauded by him with as much heartiness as any one at the exhibition.

This is a gala week in Dublin; it is gaily decorated with evergreens and variegated bunting from one end to the other, and the heart is often warmed by the sight of an American flag side by side with your own.

We also attended a garden party given at the Vice Regal Lodge by the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan in honor of the Duke and Duchess of York. There were four thousand people invited. The official building of the Lord Lieutenant is in Phænix Park, the largest free park in the world; and directly opposite the main thoroughfare may be seen the spot where Cavendish and

Burk were murdered in May, 1882. The house is beautifully surrounded with flower-beds, fountains and mountain ash trees.

My next visit was to the Irish Textile Exhibition. It was held in a large hall, "On the Green," to encourage cottage industry. I wish you all could have been there; with all our advantages we could not compete with this display, from the fibre to the finished fabric. It is said the moisture in the air here prevents the snapping of the threads on the loom, and that is why the Irish linens are the finest in the world.

Next we come to the laces, which were exquisite; and among the exhibitors' names I noticed those so dear to you all, "Little Sisters of the Poor," "Cross of Congal," Hillainy, Donegal.

Now there was one exhibit in which I loved to linger, the cloth department of Mary O'Brien, who is now the most successful cloth manufacturer in the south of Ireland. She is eighty-two years of age, and presented me with her picture, which I am bringing home to show you. She began life as a weaver at the loom, lost her husband, moved her family into the barn, and turned her home into a mill, raised seven children, and now provides for all her poor.

I bought from her exhibition a cape woven by a woman seventy years old, who raised the sheep and dyed the wool. Should you like the loan of this cape with the O'Brien picture, would love to send it to you for your next fair. That you may see and know a little of what the women of Ireland are doing to-day, they have all the organizations for good work you have at home, and though there are many poor, there is much kindness to one another; it extends even unto the animals, in the absence of other shelter sharing their very house with them.

Of all the Botanical Gardens I have visited in the large cities through which I have passed, your own Dublin Conservatories were the finest; heliotrope, fuchsia, trees great, while the leaf of the lily in the water, it is said, would support a child, and with the exception of the Kew Gardens in London, the finest trees.

On First Day I attended mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral (I love cathedrals because they are always open), which has been fully restored to its original freshness and beauty. The solemn lights from the recesses in the building, the magnificent tone of the great organ, and the dear old people passing in and out, makes one love to linger; later I go to Friend's Meeting, which is about the size of Westfield; its walls are perfectly plain, finished in hard wood, and as I sat down in this quiet meeting I felt at home, until looking up I see the hooded gallery filled with dear old Irish faces, with rosy cheeks and frilled caps, under our plain "Quaker Bonnets." We had a lovely meeting, and was there ever hospitality like that which comes from Irish hearts; would you believe it, I had invitations for dinner and supper until the week's end.

And now for Cork, where we drive to Blarney,

by way of the "Home for Poor Boys," where they are taught farming and dairy making (and by the way, I wish some of our boys would go back to Ireland when they grow up, and show them how to plant fruit trees down the cow lanes and around the house, and bringing a little more variety to their tables, lessen the desire for juices), by the Silvery Lee where the waters are safe, and one sees boats to hire, from the sizes which are just large enough for the happy couple or the large family party.

For one continuous mile this river is shadowed by fine elms, the branches of which meet overhead, forming an unbroken archway a mile in length; the hedgerows are white with hawthorne and May, and sweet-scented honeysuckles blend in harmony with those; there is greenness everywhere; there is greenness in the water, on the hillsides, in the valley, and the country resounds with the song of the thrush. "And would you be knowing," said the driver, "one dark night we took from the top of that stone the statue of George the Second and threw it in the Lee, and put in its place Father Matthew Jene, and they do be saying, dear lady, if you will go look in that well over there, you will never be needing second sight."

In the afternoon we visit a little Irish home, a stone house with one south window, one story with two rooms, the smoke wreaths arising from the chimney, the roses reaching the roof, the dwarf apple trees lining the garden wall, the sheep are on the hill, and the donkey on the roadside. Sitting by the doorway we find the dear old mother, and are told how she had given her seven sons to the Queen, and now she is alone.

We leave Cork for Queenstown, and after a most enjoyable summer we leave Queen's Hotel for the tender which will carry us to our steamer, the "Teutonic," and I asked one of your Irish boys to help me with my parcels, and sitting on the White Star wharf, I asked the boy if Queenstown ended there. "Oh, yes; a gentleman owned the ground on one side and his wife on the other, and then no one cared to build on the ground between, because they did not want to be separating man and wife, you know."

So I said, "Little boy, does thee go to school?"
"No, ma'am, I do be selling papers to the gentry, and when the Duke and Duchess of York came to Ireland, I took my extra money I did be after making, and went to see the horse jumping, and when I came home the Canon of the church who got me the job discharged me; and sure, as I thought of my old mother, I got shaking; and he said, 'And frightened you be.' 'And why shouldn't I be, standing as I am standing in front of the mouth of a cannon.'"

There is one more visit I wish to tell you about, and then I have done until I see you face to face; it was a drive to Glassneven Cemetery. There on the side of the hill, overlooking the lake and shadowed by the Sugar Loaf Mountain purpled by its heather, its banks far behind us, and the Irish Fir trees

before us, lies a cemetery where two of your beloved are resting; the lot of one is marked by the Irish Round Tower one hundred and thirty feet high, the other set in a carpet of velvety grass; covering the grass are flowers by hundreds, which have been brought, some of them, thousands of miles, as living tributes for lives which have been laid down for others.

The gentlemen I refer to are O'Connell and Parnell, who to-day are speaking in a manner which can be readily understood, in ways unmistakable, all through Ireland; and to your dear friends at home, who have so close to heart the future of the Emerald Isle, I would say be patient, encourage in your homes economy and plainness of dress. Ireland's future, like our own, will be better shaped for her than we can do it; the day is not far distant when, side by side with the free nations of the world, will be placed the name so dear to you all.

"Oh, Ireland, my Ireland."

I. E. Davis.

Written on the steamer "Teutonic" in mid ocean.

ADDRESS.

WORK FOR ARBOR DAY.

Young Ladies and Gentlemen:-

It is just ten years ago that we celebrated in the United States for the first time "Arbor Day." It was in Nebraska, when the State Board of Agriculture offered a special premium of one hundred dollars to the County Agricultural Society to the person who planted the most trees on Arbor Day of that year. The result was the planting of one million trees.

In a short time it will be for us to celebrate our anniversary. Now my purpose this morning is to point out to you the work that lies nearest our own doors. The child that plants and names a tree and cares for it, will have something to love and elevate his mind and divert it from impure thoughts, and as it grows heavenward from year to year will lift up their own aspirations.

I wish that each one of you here could have a tree in your own garden and a personal interest in one in your school ground. When you plant a tree you are doing a work for each and all in after years. Now a tree which you will plant and care for this Arbor Day will give pleasure to the eye and shade to the head, all through your lives, and the children who shall come after you. Now the best place to get trees is at your nurseries, but should you feel at this time you cannot spare the money, do not be discouraged, go to the nearest woods, and by asking you will have trees given you that, with a little extra care, will do quite as well, and bring you great pleasure. Now do not, my dear children, fear the word "crank;" in this work all benefactors in this world have had little snags to encounter in this way, but in the end you will be called heroes.

Astrologers tell us that those that "plant trees live long." The Bible tells us that the child who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is greater than he who rules a nation. Then how much greater will be the person who makes thousands of trees grow where none were before.

Now, we will give our attention to the school yard; so often we find it small, without any grass, sun beating down on little troubled heads, confusion everywhere; is it a wonder sometimes children do not wish to go to school? A reproach to the patrons of the school.

Now get your directors and many friends and get to work this Arbor Day and clean up the school ground, gather up the flying paper, and cover it with beautiful grass; plant a tulip or a cucumber tree. Don't plant any fruit or nut-bearing trees in school yards; and then I want you to see how much more you will love to go to school.

Now, next are the church yards; we know the groves were God's first temples, and it is a duty we owe to our God, to our fellow-man and ourselves, to make the surroundings of His house as attractive as possible; plant here the white pine, beautiful emblem of a life hereafter.

We now come to our cemeteries; who here but feels the debt of gratitude we owe! So often with tumble-down fences, old bushes, overgrown with weeds, a disgrace to the civilization of this nineteenth century, a relic of barbarism to rid ourselves of, and a constant reproach to those whose loved ones lie sleeping there! make bright and beautiful "God's acre," cover it with a velvet of grass, plant some weeping willows here to weep with us for those who have gone before, but also plant arbor vita which are always pointing heavenward to a better life beyond.

And now, my dear children, what we should have named first we have left until last, and also because after I speak of it I can never talk any more.

It is the garden of home. I want each and every one I am here addressing to plant some tree or shrub in your home garden, be it ever so small, that when you come to grow up men and women, and you bring into your homes all the beautiful things which money will buy or art supply, that after all the sweetest thing will be your mother and her garden (she may have been homely, her clothing plain). You see now before you a woman grown,

whose children all tower above her, but often waiting at the twilight hour for those I love, my thoughts fly far away back to my childhood home, the garden of poppies, the boxwood rows, the lilacs I played beneath, the walnut tree I swung under, all planted by her, long since gone home to her heavenly rest.

And so, as I leave you, it is with the wish that you will early in life become fond of nature, and

through nature up to nature's God.

A TRIP TO BERMUDA

AND

THE WEST INDIES.

BERMUDA.

The Bermudas are a group of about one hundred islands. They are situated about seven hundred miles from New York, and six hundred miles from the nearest land on the American coast. The latitude is about the same as Charleston, South Carolina. They are secure from the extremes of heat and cold, and the Gulf Stream passing between them and the United States, protects them from many of the variations to which the Southern States are subject. Frost and snow are absolutely unknown. In winter the temperature ranges from 60 to 71 degrees, rarely varying more than eight or ten degrees daily. These healthy conditions are further enhanced by the porous coral rocks, which are the foundation of the islands, so that no stagnant water remains, and malaria is said to be impossible.

Although the Bermuda group is composed of many islands, the largest are so connected that they

are practically one. There are five of the larger islands; the largest, Bermuda, which is twenty miles long; in the centre is the city of Hamilton, where we stopped. This is connected with the island of St. Georges by a causeway over a mile long. At the western end are the Ireland Islands. The general shape of the islands is that of a huge fish-hook, and inside of the loop are about one hundred little islands, that are strictly government property and dockyards, many of which are little more than points of rock. Wild flowers adorn the roadside. roses and many other choice flowers are to be seen on every hand, while the landscape is decorated by the orange, lemon and palm, as well as the pride of India, red cedar, India rubber and many other trees not familiar to me.

The town of Hamilton has seventeen thousand inhabitants; all the drinking water is gathered from the roofs. In the House of Assembly there is a full-blooded negro, and the negroes are allowed to vote if they own real estate. No American can buy real estate here, and are rarely successful in business. The principal crops here for the agriculturist are lilies, potatoes and onions. The rich soil is red, which accounts for the color of the Bermuda potato. The trees of most value are the cedar and palmetto; the former is held here in large reservations by the Queen. On January 18th strawberries are being picked in the open air, potatoes being gathered and melons being planted. The drive to the Governor's mansion is superb, the color effect of the purple

blooming bourgainvillier against the gray rocks being almost matchless.

The fields look like little spots of miniature planting in the woods. Donkeys are much used. Cereals not grown. There are many quaint churches, the salaries of the clergy are partly paid by England.

Bermuda is an important military station and naval headquarters. About three thousand troops are stationed here at all times, and is said to be one of the most healthy stations under the English flag. It is the headquarters of the North Atlantic squadron. The dockyard at Ireland Island is the largest in the world, and is of great interest to visitors. Military and naval displays of all kinds are of frequent occurrence. The great event of the week is to see the steamer come in from New York.

A stranger floating in a boat over the white shoals of the coral reefs will be wonderstruck by the marvelous clearness of the water and the great depth to which you can see. The sunlight reaches many fathoms down upon this vast submarine plain, displaying all to the gaze as the ship passes by; and then the color, that beautiful bewildering green, just the shade one catches in the gleam of an opal, and that painters have sought in vain to rival with their pigments.

As we leave the harbor we pass a Spanish vessel, "The Verdad," recently wrecked upon the rocks, with casks of St. Cruz rum floating in the water, probably the best consignment that could be made of it. The vessel was wrecked in full sight

of land in daytime, but none would signal them of their danger, as they had refused to pay the pilot fee, \$25. Poor Spain! However, a tug went off and got the men, who were all fumigated, and then charged upon the Spanish consul.

BARBADOS.

After a most delightful sea voyage from Bermuda we arrive at Barbados in the early morning. As we steamed along the west side of the island toward the bay, the view was very beautiful. Long ranges of limestone terraces rose above each other, with here and there round hills covered with fields of bright green sugar-cane and picturesque windmills and sugar houses. Nearby the planters' houses, embosomed in groves of mahogany, bread fruit and orange trees. Here and there arose the tower of some little church; rows of stately palms crowned the tops of ridges, leading through magnificent avenues up to stately residences; groves of cocoanut palms bent gracefully over the water's edge; white limestone roads wound like ribbons through the green fields of cane. All this, with the deep blue sea dashing high over the coral reefs on the shore. The great stretches of far-away land form a rare, and, with me, never-to-be-forgotten panorama. The air is the most delightful of any of the islands, and would be a haven of rest for us as a

sanitarium, were it not that between this island and the States lie about two thousand miles of sea. There is constantly blowing across the island a northeast wind, and it is considered one of the most healthy stations for English soldiers in the world. Cottages, with bath, rent here for twenty dollars per month. We met here a bright young Barbadian who was receiving a salary of three hundred dollars per year under the Colonial government, and who was engaged to be married, but his prospective father-in-law refused his consent until he could get five hundred dollars per year, which was considered ample.

We anchored in the harbor, always keeping in thirty fathoms of water, so that we were never subject to the laws of the islands visited. It seems that thirty fathoms is construed to be upon the high seas. Now we are in the Caribbean Sea among the Caribs, and what memories come floating before my vision: Columbus—the Slave Trade—the Papal Bull bestowing upon Spain all the countries in the tropics west of the Atlantic.

On reaching the island the lightest garments, with shade hats and umbrellas, are a necessity, the mercury ranging at 80 or above. The steamers stop long enough to take in all the sights, but cannot take in all the long excursions, making the runs from island to island at night. On going ashore we start at once for Hastings, where there is the famous rock, and nearby is the Marine Villa Hotel, and a smaller and more delightful place, kept by a Swiss

right over the sea. Sitting in the pavilion by the sea, you feel that it is one of the most delightful places in the world. First comes the sensation that you have everything that heart and mind can wish for, the uselessness of acquiring more, and then you fall asleep, and from this dream you are awakened by the call of the sailors, and on looking up you see freighters marked Boston, some with cod, and another with New York flour, and your sweet dream is gone, and one realizes that it is our spirit of thrift that enables the people on this island to live. There are more inhabitants here to the square mile than in any other country of the globe save China. There are twenty thousand more women than men, and with them it must be work or perish. natives give much pleasure to tourists by diving for coins and showing you around. They are unanimous in the desire to live and die Barbadians. This is an English island. The botanical gardens are fine.

The Savannah is the principal place for amusements; it is a fine field of some forty acres, round in shape, and surrounded by beautiful trees. All around runs a carriage road, while outside are the garrison buildings and barracks; there the races are held, and we see the cricket and lawn tennis parties enjoying themselves. One of these meetings is a sight to remember: the fluttering pennons, the gaily colored dresses of the negroes, the picturesque uniforms of the Zouaves, the Queen's own regiment of native blacks, the colored jackets of the jockeys,

and there is such fun shining in the faces of the negroes, and their rollicking laughter at the slightest thing comical. We notice on entering a church or pleasure ground that the whites always have an entrance of their own.

There is no gunning, but the sea abounds with fish, the choice being the flying fish. The only forest left on this island is Scotland Hills; they are a rare bit of tropical woods. It is a remnant of the one that once covered the island. The only wonder is they have survived till now, land being so exceedingly high. However, the woods stand until this day. Let us hope they may hold their ground for many years against that terrible foe to the wilds of nature—the sugar cane.

ST. LUCIE.

Our next island, St. Lucie, the second largest. It is famous for its picturesque beauty from the sea. There is much good land, with many hills and mountains and beautiful valleys. The town of Castries is the capitol. The steamer draws up to the wharf here, a feat that is not possible at any other island. One should climb the hill and visit the broad savannah where lies the government station. The view here is superb, and a most interesting occupation is that of coaling, and is done by women, who carry it on their heads in baskets. St. Lucie has its sulphur

mountains, but by far the most beautiful are the Pitons, shaped like pyramids, and covered with green to their very tops; that is one of the wonders of nature here, everything is so luxuriant. The ride is over the Saddleback (twelve miles), which should not be omitted by those wishing to view the beauties of a wild tropical country, as well as sugar plantations.

St. Lucie is English, you know. Has a fine botanical garden, a cathedral of natural wood; it is unfinished and unpaid for, having a debt of \$20,000; active public school, supported in part by England and the British West Indies Company, the children having to pay one cent per week themselves. Everything is very low here morally. The natives here wear very little clothing, children entirely naked until the age of going to school, and it is pitiable to meet them upon the wharf in going to the steamer, mothers begging you to take their children home with you. The street cleaners get two pence per day; the men all out on the sugar plantations. The women will dance the Cairo dance on the street or under the banyan trees.

England is hard on her colonies, and one's heart is touched by the poor of this island. The tourist is made most uncomfortable by the number of guides who, pressed by hunger, insist, for a few pennies, on accompanying you for the day (not unusual to be accompanied by ten), and you feel here such a sense of protection as you go on the steamer at night.

MARTINIQUE.

Picture a mountain fifty miles in length, covered from base to summit, from circling Caribbean Sea to cloud-capped crest, with such vegetation as only the tropics can display. The harbor is a bay three miles in length. Imagine a town of houses of stone, covered with earthen tiles; the streets are narrow, the sidewalks more narrow, crowded with people, a motley assembly of French people of every hue. The colored creoles, the females who frequent the streets and market places, are attired in quaint, curious long dresses, gathered up under the shoulder blades, and with waistbands drawn up tightly under the arms. If the dresses are gay the turbans are gorgeous, and sometimes covered with jewels.

This island is an incline from a high mountain to the sea, and the town is terraced. Through every street runs a gutter of water from the hills, and in the early morning you will see these gutters alive with people. You will meet, perhaps, the babe taking its bath held by maternal hands, the pet poodle being soused in the narrow gutter. The streams are fed from mountain lakes, and everywhere is cleanliness, conspicuous even among the lowest classes. There are fine cathedrals here, a theatre, cool squares and refreshing fountains, wonderful plants, a fine museum of natural history, and shaded promenades where a band gives excellent music.

The stores contain abundance of French goods,

the hotels and cooking fair. It is a fine drive to the statue of Josephine, wife of Napoleon, who was born here. This island seems like a miniature France; one sees the same agricultural designs on the hills, the beautiful French fountains, and even as poor as they are, the same taste in the arranging of colors in the dresses. Here are mineral springs said to possess such great curative powers. They flow in large streams from the ground, and the water is carried into the bathing houses where the invalids come.

I love here to linger in the woods by the roadside, and breathe the air perfumed with the breath of orange groves that adjoin the road; but beware here of the fer de lance (a snake), as the mongoose has made but little progress in extirpating this reptile. No washing here allowed in the town, but is carried on by the washers in the river, and paid for by the city, And here one meets with that fearful disease, elephantiasis, contracted by the washers, in which the body becomes swollen three times its natural size.

DOMINICA.

We sail next to Dominica, and each island seems to grow in attractiveness. Here the mountains attain great heights, and the cliffs to greater proportions, and the vegetation that covers all as with a carpet grows richer and more rank. The perfection of loveliness is attained in Dominica.

You may ascend in one hour from the heated coast to the cool and verdant mountains, and view wonders in vegetation which we seldom ever see. At so great a height the tree fern makes its appearance, and soon you will be lost in admiration of the mountain flora, ferns and begonias and orchids and colberes which are never seen out of the tropics. The great trees are enveloped in masses of air plants, and the branches woven together by climbing vines and bush ropes.

Here for the first time we hear the beautiful melody of the Solitaire Whistler, and after resting we start for the sulphur springs where the water is boiling all the time.

The guide books state that this is the most beautiful island in the world, and for once nothing is exaggerated; words are beyond the power of description, and even the imagination is bound by the matchless beauty of the scene. Mountains and verdure, with odors and atmosphere, all blending into a perfection personified.

GUADALOUPE.

There is everything here to attract a person in search of a mild climate: pure air, boating, bathing, fishing, good driving and pleasant society. The Governor's house, Farley Hall, and some of the

country churches are very elegant, and draped with ivy. The town is regularly built with broad, straight streets, with a fountain in the centre of the market place, a fine cathedral, and many stores and houses.

Here is the second largest sugar factory in the world. The cane is carried from the field in oxcarts, then passed through the rollers of the grinding mill, and from one process to another, when at the end is the most beautiful sugar and molasses.

Some of the cane is also brought to mill in huge iron boats, which are lifted bodily upon a great hydraulic scale, built in the water, and which, with its contents, are weighed before unloading.

ANTIGUA.

We now proceed to Antigua, the seat of government of the Leeward Islands. It has wide and lovely fields, a pleasant contrast to the other islands. Its principal town is St. John; it has a fine cathedral, the largest of any of the islands. The roads are excellent, and lead to some fine beaches. The numerous ponds abound in ducks and coots, and in season the pastures swarm with plover, and the coasts are surrounded by sea birds.

The harbor is barred by a coral reef. To the north and on the point of the hill one sees the leper hospital, with twenty-two inmates. We are told

that Guadaloupe has over one hundred of these helpless creatures.

Between Antigua and Guadaloupe arise most of our tropic cyclones, and we have here, established under the Agricultural Department of the government, signal service stations that cable daily the weather conditions to Washington, whereby many thousand dollars worth of property are yearly saved, as well as many valuable human lives.

This island, being level, is in its highest state of cultivation, with lime and lemon orchards and sugar cane the principal staples. Here we find many black Irish people, who are adepts in the art of begging. They are the result of a colony of Irish emigrants sent out here over one hundred years ago. No carriages are to be had here. The road to the north leads to the celebrated lime-juice factories, it being the special product here.

The town is fairly pretty, but small. The knowledge that it is the home of the lepers of these islands seems to cast a gloom over all. Back and forth, all day long, are to be seen the Sisters of Charity carrying the food over to the settlement, across a long causeway built over to the island, where the lepers come and get it, and take it away.

ST. KITTS.

This is an island of great beauty and fertility. Population is thirty thousand, and on the side of the Caribbean Sea is the celebrated Monkey Hunt

woods, which seems to have been abandoned to the monkeys.

The point of interest to me was the park in Basse Terre, the royal palms and the banyan trees, with the drive through the sugar plantations, and gorgeous tropical growths; one banyan tree alone in the public garden has limbs that extend sixty-five feet. One of the curiosities here are the white pea fowls. Two hours ride and you reach the mountain lake, occupying the crater of an extinct volcano.

The air plants are here seen in their greatest beauty, and all through the flowers dart and flutter the gorgeous humming-birds, splendid in their hues of purple, garnet and green.

A ride to Grand Bay in a donkey wagon well repays one, while a dinner at the hotel, of fresh fruit, fish and local fruits, will be a pleasant memory in days to come.

Here are the pomegranates, tamarinds, dates and many trees covered with magenta blossoms.

The highest mountain, Mt. Misery, from which there is a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The valleys and fields are well watered with many fine streams that are spanned with stone bridges; the shore is sandy; this tract of land slopes gently back from the sea to the base of the mountain. There are about seventy miles of road running along the seacoast of the island, and communication is kept up in a very unique manner among the natives by large six-oared canoes. Tourists

taking this method of viewing the island get an insight into the local peculiarities that are very interesting.

As we return to our steamer we are met by a strange conglomeration of monkeys, parrots, turtles, with strange fish of brilliant colors, even to their babies, all for sale by the natives.

SANTA CRUZ.

An island celebrated for its fine climate and its rum. This combination is considered by the natives here to be a blessing to many invalids who come here from the States. The roads here are bordered by cocoanut trees. This island is owned by Denmark.

American money passes readily here cent for cent. There are no public conveyances here, but one can hire a private carriage for one dollar an hour. The town is most interesting, with yellow and pink arcaded buildings, many places showing ruins left from a recent revolt of the blacks. The Danish fort and soldiers are interesting; they are paid but sixteen cents per day with dinner. It appears that the French soldiers get a franc per day, the English a shilling per day, and the United States soldiers about fifty cents per day, with three meals, which is about double any others.

The drive here is to Bassin, the road lined with

great palms, with bananas growing in the fields upon either side; and by the roadside, under the trees, sit the natives chewing on the sugar cane and drinking their molasses and chewing a crust of bread, happy and content throughout the livelong day.

PORTO RICO.

This morning, for the first time, we placed our feet upon this American soil. To all Americans it has assumed special interest, as it is now practically in the possession of the United States, and sooner or later will be represented by a new star in our beautiful flag.

We will certainly find this a rich and fertile island, and a most valuable possession, and without exaggeration, the garden spot of the world. There is no doubt that when our flag waves permanently over it there will be an influx of American enterprise and wealth; there will be a marvelous increase in value of all kinds. The Spaniards have looked upon this island more in the light of a lemon from which every drop of juice must be squeezed; but now, under more happy circumstances, this charming little island will blossom as the rose, for agriculturists tell me that more can be grown to the acre of land in Porto Rico than in any other part of the globe. The water of the river and brooks is remarkably pure, and there is quite an industry in its shipment

and sale to other West India Islands. Little boats sail up its rivers, fill their tanks, and sail away with pure water for other islands.

The island is perfectly adapted to commerce, growing sugar, coffee, cotton and tobacco. We visited Morro Castle, which is now being restored, one shell alone having passed directly through the castle, removing a steeple from a church, and demolishing two houses. Just by the sea nearby the castle, is the graveyard where graves are rented out at, I think, thirty-nine dollars per year. When it is not paid, the body is taken up and thrown into the public dump.

I would suggest that we make Porto Rico an experiment station for cremation. On the part of the natives one sees much good feeling. On one of my walks, having admired a small banana tree which I desired to purchase, I was handed back the coin with "No, no, Amerique."

In going out to our steamer, the conversation fell upon bull-fights, when a Spanish consul on board remarked that they were much more refined than our foot-ball matches. The discussion waxing warm and the boat beginning to rock, I asked them if they would like to hear a story. On their assent, I said—"Once I heard two Irishmen arguing which was the safer, travel by land or by water. The one said, 'In traveling by rail, in case of accident, you knew where you were, but in case yez are in a boat, and it upsets, where is yez?""

The guests of the steamer were here tendered

a reception by General Fred. Grant, and he was most courteous. We were introduced to Mr. Manowel, the projector of the Nicaragua Canal, who was with Colonel Waring in Havana, and has been in Porto Rico the last two months, superintending the drainage of Porto Rico. At the present time the toilet rooms are simply dark rooms, with a small aperture at the top for ventilation. There are no mattresses used, even in the best hotels, where the rates are three to four dollars per day.

In going to the barracks and Morro Castle the rumor was started that I was Clara Barton. So, on passing in the barracks, each soldier stood in line, hat at side and hand extended. I shook hands with a number, when I looked up and saw for two blocks ahead soldiers, I began to realize the situation. It was touching in the extreme, but an episode difficult to forget.

There are now about four to five hundred men employed at work here in cleaning up this town. The natives get forty cents per day, a good carpenter one dollar, and a mason one dollar and twenty-five cents. The natives, though excellent workmen, cannot follow out a plan, but when it is once made plain to them, are surprising adepts as imitators. If it were not three thousand miles away, mostly over a choppy gulf stream, what a future would await the syndicate erecting here a fine hotel; but one gets enough of the sea going and coming. They tell me that the soil is twenty feet in depth, and that they cannot tell the time when a fertilizer will be

needed. Also much interest is taken in tobacco growing. One idea is that the strength of the Cuban tobacco is caused by the east wind from the shore blowing the fine white sand on the leaf, thereby retaining the gum in the leaf.

The first of this year there was a proclamation issued that all children over twelve years of age must wear clothes. Near the centre of San Juan is a magnificent monument erected to Columbus; surrounding it are steps; as the night draws near you will see the children leaving their hot homes and going over to the monument; will lie down to sleep with their little hands under their heads, and in the morning they are all ready for play.

The city is lighted by gas, which is controlled by an English company, and it is now erecting an electric plant. There is also a telephone, over which we heard of the killing of a prisoner by the guard

for insubordination.

There is one beautiful military road which extends across the island from San Juan to Ponce, which I would advise all tourists to take. There is one point at which it is five miles around, but there is a ravine between, over which one can toss a stone. It is a good bicycle path, over which one young man went five times in a week hunting for his baggage.

There is but one stage line across, and they always wait at one end for baggage or passengers until they turn up, so you can spend a few days in a

leisurely manner waiting for the bus.

Sugar is a heavy industry, and I am told that it yields on an average of three hogsheads per acre. Besides this, there are known to be gold, copper, iron, zinc and coal mines. Also extensive sponge fields, quarries of white stone, granite and marble. Poverty is almost unknown, for most men are property owners, and the women all have their chickens.

The natives have few wants, and spend most of their time swinging in their hammocks, smoking

cigarettes and strumming upon a mandolin.

Gambling is said to be universal here, from the rich planter to the laborer. All are most hospitable. There are no public schools, and a large number of the whites can neither read nor write; but many schools and methods of tuition are already in progress.

The women are of medium size and exquisitely formed. They have the coquetry of the women of the tropics, and one cannot fail to be impressed with their delicacy and grace. They are mostly Roman Catholics, and are very devout. The ladies wear the mantilla on the streets, and carry their brilliant or black fans.

When all has been said, it seems perfectly sure that Porto Rico will become one of the most important of our possessions. Superstition and tyranny will be driven from this most fertile island, and hope and peace under the stars and stripes will be brought to thousands now under foot, and some day may it become a bright star in our flag that stands for protection and freedom for all.

ST. THOMAS.

This will be our last stop. The place is Danish, the town quaint and odd. Even like its name, Charlotte Amelia. Here was the home of Bluebeard, the great pirate, and the graves of his ten wives. Tradition seems uncertain whether his wives all lived together, for the tower is very small, or whether they occupied it consecutively. The castle is in shape like the Irish Round Tower, from which a fine view can be had of the harbor and beyond, so that the approach of a vessel can be seen for many miles. The harbor is a most wonderful and natural formation. Large coaling station here. Our two training school ships are here, the Vicksburg and Annapolis, from which we brought two large bags of mail; also a Russian training ship, whose crews got up a fine boat race in the afternoon over a triangular course that kept them in sight all the time. The harbor is about like that at Newport, Rhode Island, except for the Narragansett Bay approach.

In the town there is a fine public library, right at the wharf; also a sailor's rest and a fine park. At the landing there are lots of fruits and curios for sale, also fine coral and bay oil and rum, as the natives are fully aware that this is the last stop. It is strange to think what a checkered career these islands have had, and how far they are even now from any condition that promises permanency.

The islands are populated by refugees, savages,

and former slaves, planters seeing their places falling to decay. Our trade withdrawn, there comes into one's heart a pity for these people, so hospitable, so kind, that it makes one feel that possibly the acquisition of Porto Rico by us is in accordance with the divine Providence, and that eventually we may be able to extend to all a protection unheard of in those islands until the present day.

ANNUAL ADDRESS

AT

TRENTON, N. J.

Another year has rolled around in the life of our Association. Viewed from one standpoint, it has not been attended with the results that we had planned. Death has entered our Executive Council; your President has been abroad four months; and our Governor withholding his signature from our Forestry Commission bill has been most disastrous.

But viewed from another direction—that this Forestry Association has come to stay, to remain a working body, until the forestry work of the State of New Jersey shall be taken up by our representatives and placed side by side with the other lines of work in our State.

The conservation of our forests and their scientific control; to promote the work of reforesting denuded districts; to encourage the production of wood as a crop; to consider the problems of forest planting, the relation of forests to climate, rainfall and stream flow; to advance the cause of scientific

education in relation to forests and the prevention of forest fires—these are our aims.

The Forestry associations of New York and Pennsylvania have been most fortunate in Governors who are wide awake to the lumber interests in their States.

I believe that forestry reform has passed its critical days, and now what is most required is careful, thoughtful enthusiasm on the part of those engaged in the movement, and an enrolment among the active supporters of forest protection of the thousands of citizens of the State of New Jersey who, while believing in the purposes of our Forestry Association, have not become actively recognized in its membership. New Jersey has many good forest laws, but her citizens do not look to the enforcement of them.

I am much pleased with the Arbor Day celebration in the public schools of our State this year, six thousand packages of seed being distributed through the schools in the southern part of the State, and many public school grounds planted with shade trees.

Each year the recognition of Arbor Day becomes more and more pronounced. The children who are being taught to-day the care and value of a single tree will, in a few years, be the leaders in this work.

I have made a tour of many thousands of miles through rich farming districts, and the largest trees are the oaks in Derbyshire, England, and the smallest the willows around Loch Lomond, in Scotland.

Two clear impressions stand out as the result of my investigations in the United States—the waste of timber and the great destruction by forest fires.

The unkempt and slovenly condition at the headwaters of our rivers, and the apathetic indifference of our people, is truly alarming. At this time land can be bought for \$1.50 an acre, being known as timbered land, and includes no mountains or rocks. It is valueless to the owner, but would be past estimating to our State for reforesting, thereby protecting the water supply and avoiding the danger to the streams and canals from the cutting off of soft timber, and the greater danger of removal of that which remains.

This, to my mind, requires close watchfulness, not only for the protection of the forests, but in order to save the State hundreds of thousands of dollars in a purchase which is inevitable.

And now I close by making a strong appeal to the women of this Association, who, I believe, have natural talents for this work. A true love of the beautiful and nature everywhere will make us most successful in acquiring new members.

For years we have sailed our bark on the ocean of life, as our friend tells us, sometimes steering through quiet waters, sometimes upsetting the boat; but let us work together until the tangled forests and the poisonous swamps yield abundant fruits—the result of our toil.

Our State is awakening to a realization of the value of its forests, none too soon. In some sections the awakening is, we fear, too late to permit of any material benefit for a number of years.

ADDRESS.

To your honored President and the ladies of the Porch Club; the Board of Directors of the Aged Woman's Home, and the Directors of all our Guilds and friends I bid welcome here to-day; and it is with a feeling of pride that I gaze upon your faces all marked by the impress of good work.

You who have done and are doing so much to enrich the minds for the elevation of character, and the drawing nearer to each other socially by the breaking of bread, until we, your friends, have learned to love you, knowing that when the Riverton Porch Club leads, good work is sure to follow:

And to you, the Directors of our Needlework Guilds, I would say the good work is going on. I visited, when in Queenstown, the home of the founder, Lady Wolverton. She built even better than she knew, for to-day we find thirty-seven States represented in this work.

In this way the Needlework Guild of America gains not only that unity, but that stimulus which comes from the fact that tens of thousands of members are working together for the realization of the same high ideal, the alleviation of the body. And now I wish I could say some words to impress all here represented in the good work of starting Emergency rooms in towns where there are no hospitals. In Sansalito, California, I visited what had once been a Guild Emergency room, now developed into a miniature Guy Hospital of London.

Thousands have already been blessed by these institutions, and what will the future bring, not to thousands or tens of thousands, but hundreds of thousands will enjoy the blessing of this work, as nearly four hundred thousand garments have been contributed the last year.

In the group before me we have represented the Board of the Aged Woman's Home in Burlington, and our hearts are filled with esteem and admiration for those women whose generosity knows no limit; this home adds to the glory of the city it adorns. And our earnest wish is, that our dear old friends may find in this beautiful home by the river, needful rest. We trust they may spend many of their declining days in the enjoyment of a well-earned leisure, and we pray that the dear Father, who rules the Universe, will keep the dear women of the Board of this Home, and give them many years to enjoy the fruits of this life and their labors.

Now I wish that I could conscientiously leave you all here on this high pinnacle of fame, but too often I hear you lamenting that you have not more money to carry on your good works, and to join in the various isms of to-day which go so far to develop the new woman—Century Club, Physical Culture, French and Embroidery Class, etc.

There are few things more tiresome in a moderately tiresome world, than the popular phrase which catches and holds the public by virtue of its total lack of significance, such a phrase to me has always been the "New Woman." It has furnished inexhaustible jests, and has apparently been received with seriousness by those who read the present by the past.

We far exaggerate our responsibilities when we fancy the wrongs of humanity are waitingfor us to redress them, forgetting the fact that our dear mothers have sailed over this same ocean of life, steering safely through rough waters, and then, like ourselves, sometimes upsetting the boat. The most lamentable consequence of this mental confusion is a tendency to look after man, rather than look after ourselves, to wish to help him do his work, for which assistance he does not care, rather than map out distinctly and practically our own sphere of labor, to base our most strenuous efforts of reform more upon the past failures of men, rather than the mistakes of ourselves, which are quite serious enough to merit our whole consideration.

In my opinion, dear friends, we have a natural talent for affairs, a God-given instinct placed in every mother heart, even in the face of contradictory reports in every-day life; while no doubt the husband is the finest financier, still, in my mind, it

hardly equals the wife's knowledge of money; of what it can be reasonably trusted to buy for the family.

And now right here do I wish to declare on the side of physical culture for women; a true system of physical culture properly taught aids in building up ideal character, first through its effects on health, and in the nature of things, on character.

Health tends to a moral conduct by giving selfreliance to its possessor, and thereby freeing him from petty temptations which so beset the weak. Again, the study of physical culture leads to character by establishing in our minds ideals of beauty.

Now, some people call every kind of exercise physical culture. I do not. Nothing ought to be called by that term which does not recognize this principle, that this body is a servant of the soul.

Physical culture leads to the study of morals, to the study of man as a spiritual being, to the study of the soul; and the proper study of the soul leads to this conclusion: that the chief end and aim of every one of us in this world is to influence others by precept and by example toward a higher state of living.

Now, if you will allow me to suggest, and in order that the Riverton Porch Club may do more effective work in its organization, and its power for good felt as a beneficent influence throughout our town, it should have a spiritual solidity. Just as each individual has something peculiarly characteristic to contribute to her club, a paper, an essay, review, or a talk, be it literary, historical, philanthropic, or practically educational, and the club feels it to be too valuable to be heard by members only.

Now, if such papers could be sent to our local journal, great benefit might ensue to a much larger and less favored class than the members of your club, as much of the sweetness of life comes from intercourse, and much of our strength from combination.

We have now passed through the wood, and now proceed to the more intimate relations of the home. I have learned much from your club, and gained much from the association of friends in the good works that I have the honor to represent. And now may I ask you to lay aside all the momentous questions which are worrying and paling the faces of our good women of to-day, as to who shall be the first in our towns, the trying to appear what we are not. Now, if you will come into my garden, I will tell you how to have always plenty and enough to spare, how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

Friends, in one year, from my own garden, one acre of land, my family of seven were supplied with all the vegetables, fruits, berries and flowers that we required, besides chickens, eggs, squabs, and at the same time sold \$85 worth to help on a good work, the nucleus of which has developed to-day into the Riverton Library.

I have the answer, "Yes, but your garden is larger than mine." I know, but on one-quarter of an acre, at a cost of \$35 for labor and seeds, I can do the same thing for my own family, less the selling for charitable purposes. How many here today can tell what it means to a family, in economy, to have come in from the garden fresh daily, the little red radish, cucumbers for breakfast, what the tomatoes and squab counts for at the mid-day lunch, the salad and chickens and flowers for the dinner. If, as I hear you say, "Yes, but I never could stand those straight rows in the garden, I am too artistic for that," then may I tell you the same results will come if the planting is done in diamond, crescent and oval designs. Watch up well to the color of the leaves; a pretty blending is lettuce, green and red beets; cover your hedges with lima beans and your trellises with tomatoes.

The good housewife should have kept on her kitchen range a blue and white enameled kettle, then do away with what is called the waste pail; it only draws flies and becomes odorous while waiting the slopman's coming to empty it into his cart. Have put into this kettle all the parings of vegetables, fruits, the waste bits of meats and the scrapings of the plates. The plates and pans are washed in soap water; have this also put into the pot. Now, in the morning have this thickened with a little Indian meal and feed to your chickens daily, and so you have eggs enough and to spare.

Some two years ago I had occasion to help a

poor old couple, the husband partially paralyzed. Being very busy at the time, I had sent them two dozen chickens from Roadsides, my farm. I did not hear again from the old people until spring, when the old lady told me she had done as I had directed her, with the result they had always a breakfast of eggs; the young chickens they ate, and sold \$8.75 worth, with which money they bought two tons of coal for the winter.

Now, my friends, if you will follow me back of the Kew Gardens on a suburb of London, I will show you an old woman, a caretaker of what has once been a palatial home, who utilizes the ruins of an old conservatory by raising grapes; they were perfectly magnificent, one bunch of black Hamburgs alone weighing seven pounds, or rather, that is what she charged me for.

Grapes are easily grown and should find a home in every garden; and here I would mention unfermented grape juice, so delicious in winter, made from loose grapes and broken bunches unfit for table use.

Now, if you will come with me to a French garden in a suburb of Paris, I will tell you what I saw at the back kitchen door: a trellis covered with one tomato vine upon which I could have picked one half a peck (secret, it had been watered by dishwater); a hedge beautifully covered with a bean vine, besides cucumbers for a family from two barrel heads on a verandah.

At the Hamburg Fair, at which I had the

honor of representing the "New Jersey Forestry Association," I saw a box the size of a trunk exhibited by a woman who grew five crops of potatoes in it in one year; her object was advertising fertilizers, and also it had frequent and regular waterings.

Come with me to an Oakland Garden, in California, and I will show you a garden of one acre upon which five Chinese gardeners live and provide for their families by raising vegetables for the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

In Glasgow, Scotland, is a woman raising melons for the Queen in a garden enclosed in glass. There they lie in little hammocks suspended from the ceiling, and judging from the appearance of herself and family, I should say she did well.

I made a tour of many thousand miles through rich farming districts. The largest trees were oaks in Derbyshire, England, and the smallest were willows in Loch Lomond, Scotland, each fulfilling alike their work in the garden of nature.

Now, my friends, what I cannot understand that with all our opportunities for using money, with all your knowledge of books, you can be so wasteful of your gardens, that if you do not need the land yourself for extensive gardening, that you will deprive the poor of thousands of dollars worth of food annually. Have we a right to purchase exemption from care at the cost of immeasurable suffering from creatures whose very helplessness should win protection from our strength. The one inexplicable thing to me in this world is pain. Its

presence everywhere dims the beauty of the world and stifles faith in many a bleeding heart. We cannot banish it, we cannot understand it, but we can help to allay it. But that we should deliberately, wilfully and thoughtfully add to it not slightly, but to an extent which cannot be calculated nor calmly considered, is something which even the most selfish spirit recoils from hearing the truth.

All here have realized the joy of living a life, the result of which shall last forever; and now, may I ask this Association to help the good work along; a true love of the beautiful in nature everywhere will

make our work most successful.

And now the garden I should have spoken of first, I have left to the last, because after I speak of it I cannot talk any more. It was my mother's garden at home. I wish I could persuade each and all here this afternoon to plant some tree, some vine or shrub, that when your children grow up men and women, and bring into their homes all the beautiful things money will buy, or art supply, after all the sweetest thing will be their mother and her garden.

You see now before you one whose children are all grown—but often waiting at the twilight hour, my thoughts fly far away back to my childhood's home—my mother's garden of poppies, and her boxwood rows, the lilacs I played beneath, and the huge walnut tree I swung under, all planted by her long since gone home to her heavenly rest. And so, as I leave you, it is with the wish that you will love nature, and from nature up to nature's God.

ADDRESS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS.

In the mind of the average man and woman, with the recognition of a great need, there comes a desire that the need be met. Through years of earnest effort on the part of comparatively few persons the world is beginning to see the importance of the "Education of Mothers;" to realize that all the work of reform, of whatever nature, will never purify civilization, unless it begins at the fountain head.

We cannot make over the ancestry of the world; but we can make over ourselves, we can awake to the responsibility of parenthood, and with but little study it will be apparent that in the acknowledgment of the sacredness of such obligations, and a desire to discharge them, the race will gradually evolve from its present condition of discord into one of harmonious development.

And it is because mother love has stood for all that is holiest and best, the most self-sacrificing in the history of the world, that I ask your attention this morning that I may tell you of some thoughts gathered at the Mother's Congress.

I believe that every good woman is a mother whether she has ever borne a child or not; you see it in the early life of little girls, their fondness for their dolls; it matters not should they become crippled, all the closer you will find them nestled in their bosoms or sound asleep in their cribs. I have before me, in my mind, a doll of my own little girl's, who kept the lead as a favorite for a long time, less one eye, one arm, and one foot. Too often, my dear sisters, we give time and strength to things which are not essential, omit the superfluities, and there are so many; the tucks in the white skirts, and dresses of the little ones, the hand-embroidered flannels, the fashionable calls; can any amount of daintiness and furbelows atone to a child for time which could be so much better spent on behalf of the child; and can the most artistic fancy-work or the richest delicacy impart to any home the air of elevated thought and refinement which its possessor might bestow were her time distributed in more welldirected channels?

Too often we see the young mother physically tired; their lives, some of them, are devoid of that brightness which should be theirs, and in a dumb and satient way they are apt to regard themselves as outside of the world rather than in it; to such I would say, rouse yourself before it is too late, take short naps, eat good things and refresh yourselves, and soon will come a wholesome sense of importance and responsibility, which is a long stride toward self-culture, and will be quickly shown in the treat-

ment of your children, and in their own personalities. In an address by Frank Hamilton Cushing on "Mother and Child in the Primitive World," we were told the highest ideal of motherhood is to be found in Arizona, on the borders of New Mexico, in a tribe of Pueblo Indians; when the Indian mother first realizes her condition she is at once removed from her family, her cares, and every condition which might worry her, and is taken to a tent which is made beautiful by way of pretty things, such as pictures, statuary, and she is supplied with lovely things to eat, and as far as possible made entirely happy; she remains here for a season of two months, when the disposition of her child is said to be formed and she returns to her own tent.

When her babe is born, if it is a girl it is laid on a little bed of white sand; if a boy, on red, where it is kept as much as possible, allowing, of course, time for its care, and in this way it is taught submission; at the end of ten days it has its ears pierced; the point of the needle is placed on the tongue of the father, which makes it flesh and blood with him the same as the mother. The special care given the mother, the effects are very telling both in disposition and beauty of their children.

We were also told of the mothers in the submerged world; that what they most need is personal interest, to be taught how to live, how to prepare a comfortable meal at a small cost. A friend of mine was telling me of a visit to a tenement house; she showed a poor woman how to make "split pea" soup; upon her next visit every woman in that tenement house had made it. The mothers of the submerged world are most kind to each other, and I could tell you some facts which might make some of us blush for shame when we think of opportunities wasted. And right here I would mention, to be most careful of our reading matter; that almost in every room will be found the dime novel lying on the table, so great the thirst for something to read; now could we supply this desire for pure cast-off literature from our own homes, and the dime novel would be a thing of the past.

Anthony Comstock says, "If you mothers could but realize what impure literature meant for children, how much more watchful we would be of their reading." He paid us quite a compliment when he said there were two Houses of Congress sitting this morning in Washington, and he was happy to say he considered this the upper house. We were encouraged when our babes were small to be careful in selecting their food; and that their clothing be made of light material; also personal cleanliness absolutely necessary, and that much of our baby's character is formed in the cradle. As the child grows older, to ask them to do little acts as favors, and to discourage at all times any display of authority, and keeping ourselves as much as possible in touch with them, to avoid petty differences; that our interests are one.

I will tell here the story of a child who came late in life to a Presbyterian clergyman and a wife

who was the principal of a large boarding-school; the great desire of the father was that the child should be holy, the mother, that it should be most correct. The home in which they lived fronted on a beautiful avenue and backed on a court.

The mother assisted largely in the church work of the Parish; at the same time the nurse would take the child, Robbie, to see the little boys play marbles on the back street; soon he acquired the habit of swearing, much to the horror of the parents; the mother then applied the rules of the school to bear upon this boy, the father the teachings of his church, until they noticed, between the supperless nights, their beautiful boy was becoming a physical wreck. In the dilemma an old aunt arrives from the West and grasps the situation at once, and promises, if allowed the full care of the child, to erase this habit. She is bright and sweet in herself; she at once gains the love and confidence of this boy; she tells him her troubles, her weakness; that she, too, has said bad words, and in one of their outings they will select and buy a little pug dog, and the one who forgets and says a swear word forfeits the right to it. Upon going into the dining room the next morning, the smoking hot baked potatoes were, on the breakfast table, and as they were passed to Robbie, the aunt, with her accustomed care, said, "Look out, Robbie, they are d-d hot," when he threw up his little hands, and said, "Aunty, you have lost the dog," and so we are here again reminded of what human sympathy can do.

We are told through the writings of Dr. G. Stanley Hall, Massachusetts, to look well to the danger line, say from twelve to sixteen, and keep near your boys, watch out closely for hobbys, should it be the study of insects, animals, boats or books; if it is respectable at all, join him with all the wholehearted interest you can bring to his subject, and should you succeed in holding him from the age of twelve to sixteen, eight cases out of ten you will have a good man. It is a period of excitement, a time when he thinks he knows everything; watch up well the bent of his mind; should it be books, he may wish you to instruct him in this line, and should you be too poor to buy them, seek the nearest library; if it be athletics, for temperance or forestry, identify yourself with it, but hold your boy until this period is over; watch well the books for both boys and girls; remember the words of dear Margaret Sangster, that a bad book is worse than a burglar in your house; and I would say here I have had most success in slipping in books I most wished my children to read on birthdays, when they do not have to ask for them. May I suggest the names of a few, "Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses," "Vanity Fair," Bartram's "Life of Johnson," Green's "History of America," Mrs. S. S. Robbin's books, Jacob Abbott's "Gentle Measures in Managing the Young," "Biography of Augusta Hare," this is the life of a child adopted by a family of adults to bring brightness into their home; their efforts to raise her properly, the killing of her pets

when she became too fond of them, that her love should not be taken from heavenly things; saddest child-life on record, especially recommended to children inclined to nag. And now and then an occasional novel may be sparingly recommended; to such I would refer Jean Ingelow's books; "Margaret Ogilvy," and "Sentimental Tommy," by J. M. Barrie.

Do not forget, dear friends, to encourage little efforts. One of the sweetest thoughts that come to me in many a twilight hour, is the remembrance of a Valentine Day, when, neatly endorsed, came to me a little red feather; do you think for one moment I made fun of it? Oh, no! as I entered the dining room, I said, "Thank you, sweetheart," and the happy look on that little face in answer, an inspiration, I hope, as long as I live.

We are told by Mrs. Ballington Booth there are more people dying to-day for the want of sympathy than for the want of food; that the mother who has her little home, and two or three darlings have come to bless it, will lay behind her the thought that is her work, that she cannot love those children so dearly unless remembering some other little one perhaps not far away. The little worn shoe, the cast away baby blanket, or the one-armed doll, that the rich mother will become stronger herself in the love for her own home, and the poor one for having been remembered.

It is said to be true in Sing Sing prison, New York, a boy of fourteen became tired of working

on his father's farm, and being severely whipped by him, in a moment of anger ran away, became stranded in the city, took from his room-mate two dollars and a half, was railroaded to prison; he was placed on the fifth floor of the corridor overlooking the marble floor; every morning for two weeks, before eating his breakfast, he would run down to the janitor of the prison to see if his mother had been there; his cheeks began to pale, his health to break, and on the beginning of the third week, tired of life, he threw himself over the corridor to the marble floor below and was killed.

My friends, as much as you love your husbands, and ought at all times to yield in small matters, because I think we bend more easily, but we sin against our Heavenly Father, when we do not develop within ourselves enough decision of character to stand firm at all times for that little darling which it has pleased God to give life to through our being, and now (I hear a whisper, how is a mother to prepare herself for this great work), I would answer, by keeping herself spotless before the world, not looking too much for what is bad; to be a good feeder that she may be a good thinker; to introduce in her household a system of living, not mechanical, but loving, by praising all that is good by encouraging a plainness of dress, quiet manner, a saving of labor.

And now, in closing, my friends, do you think there is anything in this world so sweet, so beautiful, so rich an inheritance as a holy mother? She may not have been beautiful by nature, her dressing may have been plain, but, oh! what a power of strength for us all concealed in that little form, and how often in the twilight hours will the mind fly away to its childhood home, her garden of poppies, the box-wood walk, the lilacs that we have played beneath, the walnut tree we have swung under—precious thought, a shield that will protect us until the end.

All here have enjoyed a life the result of which shall last forever; then let our aim be a higher standard of motherhood, which is a grander, nobler race, which will make heaven here upon earth. It means the elimination of selfishness, the death of oppression, the birth of brotherly love, and the building up of fine spiritual Christianity.

APPEAL TO THE EDITORS OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

Banksmere, Riverton, N. J. First Month, 14th, 1901.

Some years since our present Governor suggested to me that I take up the work of organizing a State hospital for epileptics, as there seems to be no place in our State for the care of this afflicted class.

The pressure of other work and interest has prevented me from undertaking so large a work, but I am assured that if the subject is given proper discussion by our State press, the attention of those of younger years and better able to cope with so large an undertaking will be attracted to it.

Thanking all who may assist in this work, as we may never meet face to face in this our new century, when all wish for some new work to do for the Great Giver of all Good.

Sincerely thy friend,
ISABEL E. DAVIS,

UNITED STATES.

OHIO.

GRAND HOTEL, CINCINNATI.

We left home 22d of January, and our first stop was Washington, and our first call at the Arlington, on our esteemed co-worker, Mr. Pinchot, of the National Forestry Association. By invitation of Mr. Wm. Saunders, we were taken through the public conservatories and luxuriated for the first time on yellow strawberries and picked grape fruit; we then proceeded over to the House to listen to the bill introduced to require an official inspection of nursery stock, and were told the annual damage from insects to nursery stock in the United States, according to a petition presented to the Senate, is estimated to exceed three millions a year. The petition asks for a bill for the inspection of plants, trees, shrubs, commonly known as nursery stock. It also asks that no nursery stock from a foreign country be allowed to enter the country unless accompanied by a Government certificate. The bill also provides that any one delivering without this certificate can be fined or imprisoned. Foreign insects to blame, the State of California has established a horticultural quarantine at San Francisco, and in the past year the quarantine officer destroyed over three thousand trees. The petitioners state further, that of the annual damage, aggregating three million dollars, from insects to the horticultural and agriculturist interests of this country, at least one-half is caused by imported insects.

The immense amount of money lost in this country on account of injurious insects can be judged from the fact that a peach orchard of twenty thousand trees in Maryland was completely destroyed by the San Jose scale in two years.

These difficulties can only be reached by a law governing interstate commerce, such as is now pro-

posed.

We leave Washington by the B. N. O. Southwestern, and the scenery, as you pass through the valleys and as you approach Harper's Ferry, is exquisite, and here one sees back of that old fort the monument erected to that dear old man, John Brown. And just above, the forests, if they had tongues what a tale they could reveal; many years stretch backward to the beginning of some of these hoary, moss-draped warders of the wood.

Here are caverns whose rocky walls and roofs have echoed to the noises of the gun, one might fancy, and buried in their dismal depths the darkest of this continent's terrible secrets. Passing along in our car, in a voice louder than any words can speak, we see how poor Virginia is paying the penalty for her sin. The farmhouses are poor, with

their shaken roofs and weather-stained sides, all out of plumb, as if bowing to the opposite tree across the way. And as we near the station, men, women and children, old, young, rich and poor alike, they bring with them baskets of fruit, crates of fowls and eggs.

We arrive at Louisville, stop at the "Galt House," and at once notice the film of black dust pervading everywhere and on everything, from the soft coal. Price of hard coal \$8.00 per ton.

At once you are made to feel at home by the kind welcome of the people. We attended a reception given for Bishop Dudley in honor of the twenty-fifth year of his work here; also a german, and are much surprised at the young ladies in the last figure carrying Confederate flags as favors.

We then go to Frankfort, Kentucky, the unfortunate day that the Democrats take to unseat the Republican Governor, with three soldiers lying in the courtyard dead, and two dying. It is hardly necessary to say we concluded we would see the public buildings another time. The men were shot by some Republican soldiers; seven hundred brought down from the mountains to protect their Governor. If we have any temperance workers in waiting at home there is a large field awaiting them in Kentucky.

Very enjoyable is the ride from Louisville to Cincinnati; small farms are the rule, and to a great extent the land is owned by those who till it. The ownership is a marked encouragement to industry,

and underneath all is the fact that the people are contented, the houses being small; frequently you will see women on the byways or in the fallow fields watching the grazing sheep by the aid of a collie. And as we neared twilight one hears the tooting of the horns, the barn doors are opened, and from all directions come running the sheep from the hills. If only its people could be lifted above the inherited feudalism; life here is at its smallest value, the pistol always ready to settle family disputes, and it is left for the mother to teach her sons to protect, even with their lives, the supposed honor of her family, and it is the dire results of this teaching which has brought such disgrace and ruin to-day on Kentucky.

We now pass over the beautiful Ohio, which, you remember, in the Civil War divided the Southern and Northern States, and we pass into Cincinnati.

We are always told that this town is a smokegrimed city, and so it appeared to me when by chance we were invited to the home on East Walnut Hills by Rev. George Eastman, to dine and drive in beautiful Eden Park. The Ohio's side rises abruptly five hundred feet, and on the crest you seem in another world. Cincinnati works below and lives above, in beautiful suburbs, tree-planted avenues, beautiful houses. It was here we were invited to Mrs. Stephen Polk's to an afternoon tea, so novel in its way. I send it to the brides-to-be in Riverton. It was given for a very sweet girl by her best friends. There were forty at the tea. In the drawing-room, suspended from the chandelier, was a huge white silk umbrella completely covered with smilax and pink roses; on the end was a large white satin bag, tied with ribbons with long ends. Now the engaged girl is brought in; she pulls the long ribbons, and dropping down in a shower on her are forty handkerchiefs for her trousseau. This novel way of entertaining is called "Shower Teas." When you receive your invitation, neatly engraved in the corner will be the particular kind—handkerchief, linen, kitchen.

Now, on our next outing we go to the Rookwood Pottery on Mt. Adams; it owes its being to the genius of a woman, Mrs. Storer, granddaughter of Longworth, the great vine culturer of the West. She began as a child painting china, with over-glaze colors, and an old German made a little oven for her to fire them in. At this time she was taken to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876, and saw the Japanese displays, and became possessed with the idea of one day having a pottery all her own. To-day we find a huge plant; see her Paris exhibit, which is now ready for the cases, in which are vase after vase valued at from one to five hundred dollars apiece; she employs steadily forty artists, all Americans, save Thirayamadant, the one Japanese. No two pieces just alike. Of the two most beautiful to me one was a night-blooming cereus clinging to a great jar, the other a rush of countless fishes through the water deep down in the sea, by

Valentien. The actual glaze of Rookwood is so smooth you find its softness when you lay it against your face.

We now join our neighbors, the Biddles and Frishmuths, and again take our cars for New Orleans.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS.

We arrived at Memphis, a city of about seventyfive thousand inhabitants: it lies well into the Mississippi river, and you are much surprised by the locality of the houses, the high places being allotted to the whites and the bayous to the colored. Right on the banks of the Mississippi, made gray by its profusion of cotton mills, stands a handsome brick and brownstone structure, devoted, as the carved words over the entrance indicate, to use as a boys' club. It looks very out of place by contrast; it still lends a grace to a sordid neighborhood. It is in the fullest sense of the word a boys' club, with a noisy throng of little urchins for its patrons, its every beauty and convenience set aside for their exclusive use. It is the evening resort of about two thousand boys. It is a place where they find their opportunities for cleanliness and companionship. It contains baths, a swimming pool, a gymnasium, and a library of eighteen hundred volumes. It is called the Cossett Library. The principal industry here is lumber, and large tracts are being bought both by American and foreign syndicates, one

German buying a tract for \$1.50, selling at \$3.50; the people becoming alarmed, have recently passed laws that no foreigner be allowed to make such deals.

The city of Memphis, since the yellow fever scare of 1878, has had the city sewered on the Waring plan, and to-day have forty miles of sewerage (no surface sewage permitted) and every week the whole city is flushed.

LOUISIANA.

We again take our cars, and leaving all traces of winter behind us, in the early gray of the morning pull in at New Orleans, where the woods are filled with palms; lemon trees and all the southern vegetables begin to appear, and it is along this road the way leads through market gardens and dairies.

The park here contains one hundred and sixty acres, and the groves of live oaks are the envy and admiration of the tourists, the great green boughs throw back the sunlight, and the whispering leaves tell of a time when duels were fought just to show their art.

The city has a fine botanical garden and agricultural experiment station. Sugar is the great staple here. Large refineries have been established, where one can see the methods of manufacturing from the cane to the developed sugar. Planters are trying to make "two blades of grass grow where one grew before," and they are finding out that the secret lies with themselves and not entirely in the

soil. We next go out to Lake Pontchartrain. One sees here miniature Atlantic City in its scenic railroads, mystic swings. On Sunday we go to the French Cathedral. The graves are scattered along and form tortuous alleys, and we find one erected to General Claiborne, the first Governor of Louisiana. We then visit the American section. A monument erected by the Army of the Tennessee, of marble, chiseled by Doyle; then Beauregard's tomb; also Memorial Hall, where one sees the last suit of clothes worn by Jefferson Davis; also Margaret's tomb, when you ask "Who is so singled out among the brilliant women of New Orleans?" The answer seems as strange as Cinderella's fairy story. It seems while the wealthy women of New Orleans were in the grand parlors of St. Charles Hotel, a simple, plain-faced Irish girl was in the laundry at her daily work; from there she went into the baking business, when she was compelled to accept a bakery for debt. The business grew and grew into an immense steam bakery right in the middle of the city, and she became a great factor in the commercial life of New Orleans. She endowed four asylums at her death. Infants', Old Men's, Old Women's and the Strangers' Rest, and on a tablet is written that, "The substance of her life was Charity, the spirit of it Truth, the end Peace, then Fame, then Immortality." We now visit the healing waters of St. Roch's Spring. Candles are always burning before the shrine. There is here a firmly-grounded belief that a prayer before this shrine for a husband

never fails of a favorable answer. The soft breezes play among the willows here and make a soft requiem over the graves where the dead are sleeping.

We now go to the horse show, which in reality proves to be the races. The Jockey Club is on Esplanade avenue. It occupies about five acres of ground. It is really one of the most attractive spots in New Orleans. It opens on a beautiful terrace, a large mansion standing in the midst of a beautiful garden, roses, palms, and magnolia trees. Immediately adjoining are the Fair Grounds. These contain a race course, grand stand, capable of seating eight thousand people.

Horse racing here is under the auspices of the Louisiana Jockey Club, takes place annually, and lasts one hundred days, in which time the best horses and best jockeys participate, from all the States. There one meets the real aristocrats of New Orleans. The southern girls are beautiful, and their manners more so, but the pitiful part is their gambling. At the close of each race they are waited on by official messengers to show the amount they wish to put up, and they take these wagers as modestly as we would go to church.

Next we go to the French Market and the old quarters, where slaves were brought from all sections, to be sold at auction. We see the block on which they stood, at the corner of Esplanade and Chartres avenues. Both of these streets were known as slave quarters, and millions of dollars changed hands in this heathenish slave traffic.

The inhabitants of these grim houses are most kind, and one feels you would like to leave with them everything you owned to atone for past wrongs.

They seem to see the stranger in your eyes and smile graciously while, with a pretty air of mingled graciousness and reserve, they seem to say, "Look your fill." In most of these little courtyards will be found plants in huge pots, pomegranate trees, flowering shrubs, sometimes a battered bronze statue and big, old yellow earthen pots, as big as those in which Ali Baba hid on a certain occasion.

Again we take our grip for boat across the Mississippi for Algiers, where we take the Southern Pacific for Corridonova Springs, through the most beautiful old Southern plantations.

TEXAS.

SAN ANTONIO.

After a long ride through the submerged fields of Louisiana, we arrive in San Antonio. Here we find many invalids in this genial, health-giving atmosphere, which serves to make the winter months sources of delight, rather than a season to be dreaded.

While the eastern, northern and middle sections of the United States are shrouded in snow and ice, the visitor here revels in fruits, flowers and roses. A rainy afternoon, and I attend a lecture on the "New Woman." The first argument, war,

the greatest friend to woman to have the liberty to labor, which was given to woman, it adds a greater power, a sweeter freedom, to love men and that dead men were safely to be loved. She is left alone—with the whole world before her and the inspiration of an adoring memory.

Now in the audience we had a consumptive from Detroit, who solved this problem clearer to my mind, when he told us at the close of the lecture that he had lived two months on liquid food, that he was gaining flesh and that no amount of money should tempt him to return to his former method of living.

This, to my mind, strikes at the root of oppression of woman. It is not man's laws, but his three meals a day, that has placed obstructions in the way of her empire.

It never was original sin, but the slavery of cooking that has kept woman where she is to-day. The question has not been what shall we do to be saved, but what shall we have for breakfast, dinner and tea.

If a man can discover how to live without eating, and will convert his friends, women then will have time to look about and decide just what part of the earth they want, and settling there, there will be no cook stove in the way of taking it.

We see here such a fine aquarium, filled with native fish, in gorgeous hues, and on inquiry of the keeper I was told the swampy, muddy pool was filled with aquatic plants, which give off the required oxygen, which the fish must have to keep them alive.

This was a solution of how to keep fish in an aquarium. In this pool were snails and tadpoles, who acted as scavengers. It was edged with water-poppies, as well as some tiny surface plants with little rootlets. They were fed on rice-flake food and seemed to know the feeding hour.

On a beautiful morning we go to the Government Barracks, the finest along the route, beautifully housed, about ten acres, shaded with pigeon berry trees. Fifteen hundred men in the grounds attend the drill. Everywhere sombreros begin to appear. There seems to be no poor here, even the colored, who are part creole, ride in carriages. It is a rich agricultural district, many sheep, much wool and some cotton. We see here the Turner stockyard, where Roosevelt started with his Rough Riders for Santiago. We visit here the Alamo, the inscription on the front was, "Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none." We now take our cars for El Paso, Texas.

Certainly we are now passing by the most sterile portion of the most hopeless waste in America. On either hand lies a dreary stretch of sand and stone, relieved only by the mountains, a desert unmarked by a single habitation outside the lonely path of the locomotive. Through this our train hastens to a more fertile land and little spots of green grass begin to appear; the pigeons on the hill and the cowboys with their horses, and after

two days and nights we reach El Paso. Here we visit the Cathedral (all Catholic here), in Mexico, we are over the line. The Madonna is in street dress, holding in her hand an exquisite handkerchief. We visit the ring where the bull fights are held every Saturday; we visit the "Irrigation Farms," from which our steward refreshes his larder with delicious vegetables; we again take our cars. We pass such exquisite cactus and papagos, which begin to appear as we enter Arizona, coming into Tucson. We go direct to the Tucson School. Our work here is great, but it ought to be greater. Here we find five hundred children, boys and girls. The girls are taught to keep their own rooms clean and tidy, also all departments of housekeeping. The boys are taught the care of stock, how to plant, cultivate, harvest, properly house and market the various products of the farm, how to use tools so that they may erect and repair their own homes and barns.

How my heart goes out to these poor papagos, there is plenty of land, but the old story, the white man wants the water, and taps the courses above their reservation.

We are now within four hundred miles of El Paso, leaving behind the Rio Grande, on the other side is Mexico; we pass over the bridge across the Pecos river, the third highest in the world, the Firth of Forth, Andes and then this one, marked four thousand, two hundred and seventy-two feet above the ocean; cold winds begin to come, when

nothing you have is too warm to put on, and looking up you see the Saddleback Mountains, covered with snow. Our car stops, there is a wreck ahead; it will be four hours before we can move on. We visit a Mexican home. It is one story, terrace form, two rooms, entrance by means of a ladder, built of stone and covered with adobe cement. Beneath this little roof were garnered priceless treasures of that ancient time, faded pictures of saints painted on skins, figures carved in wood to shadow the Madonna. The Mexican is brave, honest and enterprising in a way, has made his wife a little oven, for roasting; out of cans thrown from the cars, the name of his house is written out in large letters by using the tops which, pressed into the ground, look like large silver dollars. My linguist on this occasion is a cowboy from Missouri. They live principally upon what they can trap, but always have in reserve a barrel of beans and bag of coffee. The country here is a land of broad ranges, where hundreds of thousands of sleek cattle and flocks of sheep browse on the grasses, the land of the mesquite and sage, where one sees here and there an Indian gathering his wood for the manufacture of paper, and you and I can best tell why we find them in this denuded condition, and here the reddishbrown prairie dogs appear to have no home but the forest.

The Pecos Indians have only game for a living, and the government stands by and sees this industrious tribe reduced well-nigh to starvation. All

through the cars and the dining-room I hear the Indian spoken of as the "ward of the nation," not permitted even to go off their reservations. We are a people who have our doors standing wide open to every quarter of the globe, to invite the offscourings of the earth to a full partnership with this republic. What part of that history will we not weep over? Are we giving to those poor people who held the whole country by a title too strong and old to be investigated, and too divine to be disregarded?

When we leave the Southern Pacific to take the Santa Fe railroad, and go through the cars, I discover an odor such as leads one to suppose that we had a hot box. On inquiry I learn that here they run the engines by petroleum. This train has taken us, by seductive windings, and we at last find ourselves in the gardens of California. We have time to drive through the Smyley Gardens of Mohawk Farm. On either hand at once appear orchards of peaches, apricots, prunes, olives, figs, almonds, walnuts and oranges.

We leave Tucson for Redlands, across the Yuma desert, and we are snatched in a single minute from every accustomed anchorage. The stoutest heart here quivers; we have passed through a storm of sand, and in the night, looking out of my window, I see just beyond the Colorado river, what looks to me like a huge cemetery, and I wonder where all the dead come from. In the early gray of the morning I discover in the Yuma desert huge

cactus, some as high as twenty feet, grown in shapes much the same as the monuments at home. On going into the dining-room, the gentleman who sat opposite asked if I knew we had three trained Indians to help us up the mountain last night. He was Scotch. I looked at him and said: "What, has it come to this?" When he said: "You have misunderstood; engines, I said." We have now reached the Redlands.

CALIFORNIA.

CORONADO BEACH.

Here we are right well; our location is right on the Pacific Ocean, which is the color of robin's blue, the air dry and a climate which has no equal. I wish to speak with entire frankness, for I am sure that what so pleases me will suit a great number of people. Any person will be safe at any time to come here, sick or well. Of course much is due to artificial conditions.

Such is our hotel, just think of it, a diningroom with ten thousand square feet of floor, all hard wood and red cedar. The grounds cover in the rear twenty acres in lawn, with a front on the beach and near the sea.

The sound of the beating surf is perpetual. Its broad piazzas invite you to linger, and I found no other place where I had the feeling of absolute content and a willingness to stay. The gardens look carpeted with the rarest flowers. Here we have the ocean fishing in plain sight, quail and rab-

bit in abundance, the ostrich farm, the Coronado golf links, with the broad Pacific on one side, San Diego bay on the other, and the entertainments at the club-house are free to the guests of the hotel. The drinking water comes from living springs and all the ice used at the hotel is made right on the grounds.

In bathing the dogs to-day it was most amusing to see a lot of monkeys rush upon the rear one, when the keeper of the kennels lassoed them, and one immediately ran up on the veranda and grabbed the whisk out of a lady's hand, who was brushing her clothes, and began to clean himself up.

We now go to Riverside, the great orange district, I believe the greatest in California, and drive up the famous avenues of magnolia and palm, a distance of twenty miles on asphalt through orange groves, and we understand for the first time what irrigation means to the agriculturist, and here we also see the great alfalfa growing on the lowlands, which are not fit for fruit. No other plant will support so many cows to the acre. It is fed green, also as hay. When there is plenty of water it can be cut six times a year.

We also visit the Victoria section, six thousand acres bought by an English syndicate for \$1.50 an acre, who farm entirely by irrigation—artesian wells, the ten year old trees of the navel orange now worth \$400 an acre.

We now go to Redlands and see the great trees, and to call on our friend, Mr. Smyley, of Mohawk

fame, so kind as to come back to our carriage laden with oranges and roses. Noticed all the terracing around his house, edged with calla lilies, and ask him if he is so fond of them, when I am told they absorb all, if there should be anything malarious in the air.

Don't for one moment think that this whole land is a jungle of orange and palm trees, parted only by thick banks of flowers. California is large, and these celebrated places lie in restricted areas of cultivation, which all tourists are expected to visit, as herein lies their pride. But there still remains a chance for the new comer. There is everything in California that has been credited to it. But one must remember the flowers here are not eternal. save in the watered gardens. That in the dry summer season the hills turn brown and sleep. To come out here and make a new home there is work to be done, rough work, finding in the products of the soil so much to overcome, water scarce, the isolation of friends, the making of new ties. No, give me every time, with land the price it is at home, the farming regions of the East, and the uplifting of the environments of home.

SANTA MONICA.

It would seem that nature had foreseen that in going to San Francisco, the tourist would at times feel the need of some fair spot to recuperate in, and had created Santa Monica for that purpose.

There is peace in the air there, and the soft

break of the waters upon the sand will soon woo the eyelids of the tired travelers, as does the mother's lullaby to the babe on her lap.

We visit here the Soldiers' Home, and Government Horticultural Station. At this hotel we find many English. The hotel is built on the very edge of the sea. The side of the hotel facing the ocean contains observatories enclosed with glass, which makes a most commodious dining room (the service is white Haviland china). It faces the ocean and through the large windows one can sit and gaze on ever shifting waves of the boundless Pacific, while refreshing the inner man.

In coming back to our hotel we pass a forest completely given over to gray squirrels, and it was very cute, indeed, to see so many of them sit up and watch the train go by. In this forest were some very rare tropical productions.

The next stop is at the home of Mrs. Jessie Fremont. You remember the one given her by the state of California. In her gardens we find cacti palms one hundred years old, and the dear old lady herself, sweet and pleasant as she could be, now in her eighty-third year. A little puff of wind and I caught the odor of rose geraniums, and looking, saw a bush that had grown as high as the second story.

In coming back to our hotel we pass the Los Angeles river, a bed of stone down deep in the valley, and you ask yourself the question, "How can a people build a town of this size—one hundred

thousand inhabitants—hundreds of miles of electric railroads, electric lighting, macadamized streets, libraries, schools, university, and allow their one and only river to become denuded of its water sheds, due to forest destruction?" Just think of it, the carelessness of one man in the mountains destroying the valuable property and the means of livelihood of thousands of people in the beautiful valley below!

And yet the work of destruction is allowed to go on. This being the thirtieth river I have seen entirely dried up since leaving New Orleans. No matter in what way I turn, the fact stares me in the face, that the best and most valuable forests are fast disappearing, and the sooner we begin to spare the young timber the better it will be for us and for future generations.

In Tuolumne County the Crocker estate have put the narrow gauge railroad with its saw mill into a sugar pine forest forty miles square, which will entirely finish this kind.

I wish I could write some word in this letter which would arouse to a full sense of duty our obligations to the forest demands of our own State, and to our own Forestry Association, and bring to ourselves the full importance of the momentous question.

It certainly cannot be with all the lessons we have had, that we will prove unworthy of that public-spirited ancestry, and live solely for ourselves. We have inherited a forest for all time. Let us,

then, generously pass it on, after having our full share and use and improvement to our children and our children's children, unto all generations.

We now take our trolley for Pasadena through groves and rose bowers, under mountains tipped with snow. Along this line we find many Eastern people who have regular winter homes. Much wealth is here, and now we pass through Lucky Baldwin's ranch of six hundred acres, with its great wineries, orchards and horse training grounds.

This locality is celebrated for its oranges, and still more orange fields odorous with the bloom of them, and at last we reach, in the twilight, the little city overshadowed by a mountain, Pasadena.

The darkness falls quickly. You are tired now, and close your eyes a moment, but you are awakened by a tourist, with an exclamation of wonder, and you look around to find the mountain flooded with moonlight.

And now the ruddy light of our hotel stands hospitable before us, and our journey is again ended.

LOS ANGELES.

A beautiful morning this, the 16th of February, and we take our first bath in the Pacific Ocean, so unlike the Atlantic, as you cannot detect the least salt odor arising from it. We then go to the "Ostrich Farm," which took in \$87,000 at the World's Fair, and we see birds ranging from newly hatched chicks to old birds ten and twelve years old. The feathers are taken every nine months. Only those

on the wing and tail are cut off. The body feathers are left to be shed and then gathered up. The selling price of a full-grown bird is \$35.00, and they are for sale on this farm.

Coming in for dinner, preparatory to going to our train, my friend across the corridor has a call. I go down to the parlor, and on her return she finds all the corks removed and taken away from her medicine chest, the feather from her bonnet and one of her gloves by a monkey.

We now start for Los Angeles, keeping right along the Pacific Coast on one side; on the other we pass many frame houses, covered by flowers or

creeping vines.

There is a great variety of fruit trees, palms and shrubs (remember, all green in this climate adds greatly to the beauty of the dwellings). We pass by two ranches owned by New York bankers who have winter homes here, also Madame Modjeska's. I notice the cereals here are grown on the hills without irrigation.

One thousand acres in one field without even a fence or road of any kind passing through it. After ripening they harvest in the most economic manner with extensive machinery.

The train stops for the tourist to view San Juan Mission, 1737, right under the San Jacinto Mountain, where there is chiseled in stone two donkeys, on which I read this inscription, "When shall we three meet again?"

We arrive at Los Angeles, and are most pleas-

ed to meet, in the corridor of our hotel, Mr. George Roberts. Delicious strawberries, a beautiful town and many beautiful charities, prominent are the Red Cross, Home for the Aged, Women's Christian Association, Women's Club House, one of the finest buildings here, and fine parks.

We now drive through Palm avenue to Elysian Park, three hundred acres. It is located among the fragrant hills in the city, around which the river winds, where it drops out of sight in its sandy bed

like so many rivers in this country.

There we see the monkey tree, the Australian pepper tree and the fresh water lakes with their black bass. Now the fish dart from side to side, tearing the water into a foam, leaving a sheet of bubbles. In it comes once more, fighting hard to get away from the angler. There are to be found here a city of tents, under ideal conditions for camping out.

SANTA BARBARA.

The Eden of Paradise. There has just been consummated here the purchase of thirty-five hundred acres of mountain lands in the Santa Ynez range, for purposes of water conservation. A tunnel will be built three and a half miles to supply the water. This came about through the results of a fire, at which they were obliged to use forty-five thousand gallons of wine on a winery in the absence of water.

Last night there was a very severe sand storm

here which lasted six hours, with such force that it required two men at the hotel to close the front door.

We now start for the Hot Springs, and enter the woods, as usual, a belt of hard woods, oaks, elms, birches along the ocean front, nature having selected the fittest to protect the shore from storms blowing across the ocean which, with unbroken force, had uprooted even some of them.

A look at the big hole caused by the wind tearing out a tree allows one to judge of the soil, and I could understand as I never could before how ten Chinamen, who make the most of every inch of ground, can live here on two acres.

It is restful here to the tourist, the absence of dust, so much sea fog. We stop at the ranch of Dr. Starks, and see his cowboys, on horses, bathe five hundred cows in the Pacific. We visit the old fisherman to see the black pelicans, and are told they have had no rain for two years.

We visit by invitation a curio shop, and see a table just ready to be shipped, the top of which is made of thirty-five different varieties of wood; then to Santa Barbara Mission, erected in 1748, kept in a beautiful condition. In the altar is the figure of this Saint, exquisitely carved in marble, considered one of the finest pieces in the State.

We now stop at Hot Springs, one of which is boiling, one arsenic and one magnesia, and we now look over Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa. These islands, which were once populated by a primitive people, whose burial mounds you can yet see, are now only inhabited by sheep herders, who tend flocks of many thousand sheep.

Coming down to the shore of the Pacific, there comes right out of the sand a flow of oil, where thousands of gallons are being taken out. It is carried in little by little by a submarine valley indicating a probable discharge from an ocean oil field.

We now leave Santa Barbara, but no longer through flat, dry sands, but through vast wheat fields and fertile valleys, rivers again appearing, and widening meadows sloping down to the inlet of the sea, whose winding shore leads to Oakland pier.

Here a ferry crosses to San Francisco, and we are much amused at the sea gulls, who will catch a cracker as it is thrown into the bay. As we come into the city we are at once struck with this city of hills, its fine looking ladies and huge men.

SAN FRANCISCO.

We proceed at once to the Palace Hotel, which cost \$1,000,000 to build. It is wainscoated with onyx—a grand hotel, and one in which you can live in five different ways.

It is morning now, and the winds from the hills are softly spreading on the air, and the sun is shining from a cloudless sky, and our friend, Mr. Fox, calls and takes us to drive along the shores of the Pacific. Again we come upon a little town of houses made of old trolley cars. They are the

homes of the fishermen and shell gatherers. Fish cut open and spread out flatly were drying here and there in the sun. Nets were draped from the roofs, baskets of odd design, often attractive, were strewn about on the ground, and coming near, a woman with a tray of shells; we pass the mining home of Mackay, a cabin of one room, the palatial homes of Phæbe Hearst, Spreckles and others.

To the Sutro baths, the largest in the world; Mint the same; Hibernian Saving Fund, capital, \$4,000,000; then to the park—Golden Gate—five hundred acres. Notice at once the edging of the beds of strawberries and violets, of which any one is allowed to pick from path. We visit the museum, Egyptian in architecture, beautiful to look at, the Japanese tea-garden, where we see a grove of camelias, and many trumpet and monkey trees.

In driving up the mountain to the Panorama Observatory, we pass on the edge of a hill overlooking a lake, a beautiful granite cross, erected in memory of Sir Thomas Drake, by our townsman, George W. Childs. He built better than he knew, as my friends told me. It is always spoken of as the Childs Monument.

Handsome horses and fine turnouts in this park; many teams of six and eight horses, and a great many ladies and gentlemen on horseback coming home. We pass many beautiful charities, among which was one I wish we could have in Philadelphia. The Foundlings' Home, a large and beautiful building, the entrance to which is built in the

shape of a tunnel. The further you go in the darker it gets. At the entrance end is a low light burning, a basket cradle with a blanket in it. The mother can take her babe in, she will not be disturbed nor questioned, cover up the child, pull the bell and go away. A trained nurse answers that bell and takes that babe, which is ever a ward of the city of San Francisco.

We now return home for dinner, after which we are taken through Chinatown.

A few steps from our hotel and we at once come to this city. It is night, and under the soft glow of paper lanterns, and through the gloom of unlighted alleys weaves an Oriental throng. The scene is the real Chinaman at home, and so in the space of a very few minutes you become a foreigner in your own land.

It is a jumble of peep-shows, shoemakers, barbers, apothecaries, whose only medicine is made of insects and herbs, of gold workers who heat their precious metal in sealing wax, fruit venders, who live and sleep in boxes just above their stands, readers of the Book of Fate in rich temples.

The joss houses are hung with gilt carvings and costly draperies. Their gods are sitting on the shrines with tea before them, being absorbed and taken up by the air. The poor creatures think they drink it. We see the furnace the devils are burnt in. We next visit the theatre, and are seated on the stage. In looking down on the audience, the house is full. The faces even here are sad. In the

gallery are the ladies in full dress. The play begins at five and lasts until eleven (most noticeable here is an absence of all eyeglasses). Now there are no ladies allowed to act on the stage, and the actor who can best imitate a lady receives the highest salary.

We next passed through a street of club houses, which are fine-appearing. Each window is netted down, beautiful and costly entrances. Over the doors one sees the names of literary clubs, Golden State, Merchants'. Admittance to either requires a key.

These clubs are really gambling houses, and have copied in this manner after rich Californian clubs.

Our next visit is to one of their restaurants, where a party of seventy-five are having dinner at round tables, gentlemen sitting and ladies standing behind, food being passed by the former to the latter in such kinds or quantities as is approved by them. China exquisite and everything immaculate.

We now go to the home of a family of twentynine small children, living in one room; the feet small, and are told that after the age of twenty they cease to hurt, and will of themselves grow small.

Now I would like to tell you that in San Francisco there are in six blocks seventeen thousand Chinese. Three thousand eight hundred are lodged each night in one building, which used to be the old Globe Hotel.

And now we go to the den of the opium smoker, stretched out on their bunks in a hot atmosphere heavy with sickening smoke and fumes, and let us here draw the veil. The Chinaman is kind, even in his losses; he is patient, and his dens of deepest horror are silent, and who can tell how much has been inherited.

And right here now, before I write another word, I wish to take back every unkind word or thought which I may ever have thoughtlessly said or spoken of the Salvation Army. All along have I seen their good work amongst the coal heavers of Cincinnati, the slums of New Orleans, and here, speaking the language of the Chinese, with their mission side by side with those still fair and innocent of face, despite unutterable wrongs.

Such is Chinatown. One brings away in lasting memory of three hours of peering, entering, ascending and descending, glad to reach the fresh air and be in the outside world again; and yet, with all of our boasted civilization and environment could we in our large cities, at a moment's notice, unbare our innermost domestic life and have it inspected by the curious?

Another beautiful morning, and in company with our friend we take a trip to the military prison across the bay. On board we have fifty-five prisoners for deserting, with the letter "P" in red stamped on their coat and trousers, and a red band on their hats. We meet such a dear boy from the mission who has run away from home, sick enough to die.

We meet, coming home from Manila, the steamer Hancock, with five hundred dead on board. Coming in, we again take our carriage and go to the Presidio, which is a government tract of fifteen thousand acres, overlooking the Golden Gate. It is well forested and high up on the hills, overlooking the Gate, which is one-quarter of a mile wide. One hundred guns are stationed at intervals in bomb proof turrets, raised by electricity to fire off.

The trees well conceal this great city of tents. No kodaks allowed here. The barracks here have been largely used by our government for her troops, horses and provisions, to take ship for Manila, which take down the men and provisions and bring back the wounded and dead.

And on through a winding road and up a beautiful avenue of trees, on the ocean side just beyond the reach of the waves, and on the side of the hills is another home, with six hundred new-made graves awaiting. Standing there beside those dear boys' graves, and thinking of those far-away tears which had been shed for them, my heart is touched, and I ask myself this question, "How long, how long?"

We have a country upon which God has seen fit to shower his choicest blessings. We maintain an army, a navy, an administration, a foreign service, and why cannot we lift our voices for arbitration, even though it should be, financially, some loss.

We can, if we would, and show the world a nation who has put aside war, this relic of barbarism, and whose olive branch is Peace.

COLORADO.

DENVER.

We went by train at eight o'clock from San Jose to Palo Alto (height of a big tree) again to see the Leland Stanford University, the most wonderful memorial I ever saw. Palo Alto:—There are eighty-two hundred acres of land belonging to it; one ranch fifty-five thousand, one thirty-three thousand, and two of six thousand, one winery and stock farm all deeded to it. Mr. Stanford is said to have the largest grant of land ever made to one person by this Government.

The endowment to this university was \$20,000,000. The son died in Florence, Italy, of Roman fever, aged sixteen. It was opened to pupils in 1891. It now has fourteen hundred pupils; will, when finished, accommodate five thousand. The chapel is to cost \$400,000, and the plans for the buildings are ideal.

The grounds are not kept up at all, as Mrs. Stanford will not permit a single bill paid which is not absolutely necessary, as she is particularly anxious to complete the buildings during her life-time. She is now seventy-one years of age. So economical is she, that each morning her violets, roses and fine fruits are picked and shipped to San Francisco market for the benefit of the university.

We find here three hundred varieties of trees, planted by friends familiar to us all—U. S. Grant, Francis Willard and others.

On the grounds is a very handsome museum, which is really a family one, of their son's toys, his clothes, Mr. Stanford's war relics, her laces and foreign curios. The whole place is exceedingly pathetic, showing as it does the adoration for this son. In three fine religious pictures, his face is among the angels, ruining, artistically, the pictures.

On our way to Oakland we pass through the Chinese Cemetery, and notice at once the absence of all marble, and the names written in raised letters of flowers, and on the banks, "Homes of Peace,"

"Hills of Eternity."

We leave by the Ogden Route, Rio Grande Central Pacific, through sugar beet plantations, English syndicate seed ranch, passing through one hundred acres of sweet peas in bloom, and you will please remember our thermometer at eighty, car windows all up, and it is now eleven o'clock; there is quite a stir in the car. We are passing a large mustard field, yellow with bloom, and a drove of black shining pigs in it.

On through roads so quaint and pleasant, we pass over the Sacramento River where, mirrored on its surface, we see the tangled shrubbery of the madrona manzanita.

Passing through the famous New Castle fruit ranches, said to supply two-fifths of the fruit now shipped from California, on either side of the road are seas of pink and white bloom from the cherries and apricots, and the air heavy with the perfume.

It is now two o'clock, and we here bid farewell to the California poppies, babies' blue eyes, and the roses we enjoyed so much, and we pass through miles of canals, and you feel there is bread for all, and we shall not want.

On, on, up, and by the help of an extra engine we pass into a forest of pine, where hydraulic mining is being done. The water is brought from the springs and carried in wooden troughs or sluices, of great power, eventually brought into pipes and turned on any desirable piece of ground, the gold remaining. The hills are dotted with camps.

Our conductor now calls out "Cape Horn," and a stop of five minutes. I stood upon the side of this mountain by the grave of an Indian chief, who I read had perished there. We will leave him there to his rest.

The invigorating air is filled with the scent of the water-beaten rocks, and from the forests in their loveliness resinous odors of pine, yuba and the hemlock, and as I take my car, above the whistle of the engine do I hear the trill of the lark. Our next stop is at Summit, and coming out of our apartment to go to dinner, I find Bess covered with snow, which had been thrown at her. May I tell you it is nine feet deep, and we are ploughing our way through the snow sheds—eight o'clock.

At nine we enter Mystic, the State line, and leave California, which has been so kind to us, and enter Nevada, and for one day are we in this desert of sand and wild sage, with here and there a little hut,

and you wonder what they live on. They live on the manufacture of bicarbonate of soda taken from the sand, the game they trap—coyotes—and passing them by, you feel a sigh at leaving them here. Yet who would not prefer it to a life in the slums, with a never-ending rent roll hanging over one's head.

We pass out of Nevada desert and into the beautiful Humboldt Valley, Uintah Mountains, celebrated for its cattle ranches, from where millions of cattle are shipped yearly. We now pass into Utah, and follow along the Warsage Mountains, covered with snow, and Indian huts begin to appear. We have now left behind us all traces of the golden and silvery soil.

Salt Lake City, often called "The City of Zion," is just at the foot of Wasatch Mountain; the streets are wide, bordered with shade trees. Along each side of the street is a clean, cold stream of water, from the mountain, which gives the city an air of coolness.

We go to the Tabernacle and hear the great organ and choir of five hundred voices. It seats eight thousand; built of granite, at a cost of \$10,000,000. A handsome figure resting on the dome, represents an angel giving the commandments to Joseph Smith. Right opposite are the Tithing stores, where each Mormon had to leave one-tenth of what he made for the support of the church.

Also Brigham Young's school for his family, seats for three hundred; we see his homes: Iron Bee Hive, Gardo Houses, the home of Amelia Fol-

som. But owing to an energetic "Board of Trade," his reign is over here. The buildings remind me much of Napoleon's in Paris.

We visit Salt Lake, Garfield Beach, you rest on its waves your body, and you float away to your heart's content. You cannot sink; it is really the Dead Sea of America. We visit the Hot Springs, nature's furnaces burning over all the time; notice many eczema and rheumatic patients.

We come home by the thirteen-mile drive, and pass the palatial homes of the Irish millionaires (miners), fine Cathedral, Christian Science, Jewish Synagogue, and all the issues the West is so celebrated for.

We leave Salt Lake for Denver, and notice along many valuable deposits of guano and many gas wells which are piped into Salt Lake for both lighting and heating purposes. We now pass over the historic Jordan river, and our first stop is Glenwood Springs. Two hours allowed for a bath in a pool of natural salt, hot water, and drink from the boiling springs much the same as clam broth.

A most picturesque and weird scene follows. We pass through Egyptian canons, gypsum lava beds; beautiful scenery here. Miners' cabins dot the mountain sides, and the canons widen to a beautiful valley. We pass through Fremont's Tunnel, and up through the "City of Clouds." Miners and smelters everywhere; here the Ben Butler Mine and United States Fish Hatchery.

We are now at a height of 11,330 feet above

the sea, and you are breathing a little hard (don't bring any one this way sick). We now pass into Tennessee Pass, one of the highest in North America.

Our car pulls in at Salida, and we remain on board for the night, when we are called upon by a committee and invited to be their guests for the miners' ball for the benefit of the Holy Cross Hospital. The next morning, in going into our diningroom car, we find pinned on our menu a bright green ribbon, a souvenir of St. Patrick's Day. Little courtesies of this kind do much to brighten a tourist when so many miles from home.

Now, following side by side the Arkansas river, you come to the Royal Gorge through varying scenery of broad scope, and you find yourself being closed upon, little by little, until you are in the narrow jaws of the Royal Gorge, thousands of feet high; and right through this gorge where the rushing, warring waters of the Arkansas river battles for room your train carries you, and the grandeur of the overhanging cliffs is one of the most aweinspiring.

Our next stop is Colorado Springs. Great sanitarium for consumptives, beautiful streets, and such a perfect hotel, very fashionable, and the home of many millionaires; and near here is the "Garden of the Gods," filled with huge monoliths carved by nature from red sandstone into myriads of shapes.

I cannot say too much in praise of Mr. Fred

Jones, of Boston, our conductor of this Raymond trip, at all times most gentlemanly and kind. Our next stop is Dsnver, a city which gives great promise for the future of Colorado, a State the possibilities of which are absolutely limitless.

And now, in closing, this being my last letter, I have sometimes felt our ladies at home lived too much in the literary world, and not enough in nature's, but I wish now I had graduated in all our colleges, so feeble is this hand, so tiring this pen to describe to you the beauties of Summit, the pass through the Rockies, this vision of heavenly beauty, this wonder of wonders.

But I can take you closer to my heart and tell you the inspiration of that hour; it was one of consecration and trust, that wherever my path leads me, though it might not be one I should have chosen, there will I go, and trust that the Father who brought me to this beautiful world, will be the same Dear Father who will take my hand when I cross the ferry called Death to my eternal home.

I. E. DAVIS.











